

THE  
UNFORTUNATE  
LOVERS:  
A Tragedy.

As it was lately Acted with great applause  
at the private House in *Black-Friers*,

*By His Majesties Servants.*

---

The Author *William Davenant* K<sup>c</sup>.  
Servant to His Majestie.

---



---

LONDON,  
Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to be sold at  
his Shop at the *Princes Armes* in *St. Pauls*  
Church-yard. 1649.

THE  
TENTH  
VOLUME  
OF THE  
SERIES

THE TENTH VOLUME OF THE SERIES  
CONTAINS THE FOLLOWING ARTICLES

THE TENTH VOLUME OF THE SERIES  
CONTAINS THE FOLLOWING ARTICLES

THE TENTH VOLUME OF THE SERIES  
CONTAINS THE FOLLOWING ARTICLES

THE TENTH VOLUME OF THE SERIES  
CONTAINS THE FOLLOWING ARTICLES



TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
PHILIP

Earle of *Pembroke* and *Montgomery*, &c.

---

*My Noble Lord,*



He naturall affection, which by  
the successive vertue of your  
Family you have alwayes  
borne to *Poetry*; ingages me  
in the absence of the worthy  
Author, to present your Lordship this piece,  
that you, the best *Mæcenæ*s of the age,  
might Patronize this best of *Playes*. Had  
M<sup>r</sup> *Davenant* himselfe beene present, hee  
would have elected no other Patron but your  
Lordship, and in his absence I beseech you  
accept this Worke of his; whose excellence, I  
hope, will excuse his boldnesse, who had no  
other ambition in the dedication, but that he  
might by publike profession be knowne to be  
that which has long time been in his private  
affection,

The humble honourer of your  
Name and Family.

*W. H.*

TO THE  
RIGHT HONORABLE  
PHILIP

Baron of Walsingham and High Treasurer of England

My Noble Lord  
The annual offering which you  
make for the lucrative service of your  
family you have always  
borne to foot, suggesting  
in the role of the world  
A support to your family, and this need  
that you, the best of the age,  
might I am sure, the best of the age,  
the best of the age, the best of the age,  
would have selected a better person  
I ordain, and in his absence I ordain  
accepting of his whole estate, I  
hope with some his boldness, who had no  
other ambition in the decision, and I think  
might by public good, and I think to be  
characterized as a person of great  
affection

The noble honor of your  
family and family  
W. B. A.





Prologue



Ere you but halfe so humble to confesse,

As you are wise to know your happinesse;

Our Author would not grieve to see you sit

Ruling with such a question'd power his wit;

What would I give, that I could still preserve

My loyaltie to him, and yet deserve

Your kinde opinion, by revealing now

The cause of that great storme which clouds his brow,

And his close murmurs, which since meant to you,

I cannot thinke, or mannerly or true.

Well; I begin to be resolv'd, and let

My melancholy tragicke Mounseieur fret;

Let him the severall harmelesse weapons use

Of that all-daring trifle, call'd his Muse;

Yet I'll informe you what this very day

Twice before witnesse, I have heard him say,

Which is, that you are growne excessive proud,

For ten times more of wit then was allow'd

Your silly Ancestors in twenty yeere,

T'expect should in two houres be given you here:

For they he sweares, to th' Theatre would come

Ere they had din'd to take up the best roome;

There sit on benches, not adorn'd with Mats,

And graciously did waite their high-crown'd Hatts

To every halfe dress'd Player, as he still

Through th' hangings peep'd to see how th' house did fill.

Good easie judging soules, with what delight

They would expect a jigge or Target fight,

A furious tale of Troy, which they ne're thought

Was weekly written, so 'twere strongly fought.

# Prologue:

Laugh at a shadow, the shadow of a jest,  
 And cry a passing good one I protest:  
 Such dull and humble-witted people were  
 Given your fore-fathers, whom we honour'd here,  
 And such had you been too, had we not  
 The Poets taught you how to counterfeit a plot,  
 And traile the winding Scenes, taught you to admit  
 What was true sense, not what did sound like wit.  
 Thus they have arm'd you 'gainst themselves to fight,  
 Made strong and mischievous from what they write:  
 You have been lately highly feasted here  
 With two great wits, that grac'd our Theatre;  
 But, if so feed you often with delights,  
 Will more corrupt then mend your appetites:  
 Hee vows to use you, which he much abhorray  
 As others did, your homely Ancestors.



THE



## The Persons in the Tragedie.

Helicorand ——— King of the Lombards.  
 Afcil ——— Prince of Verona.  
 Anophil ——— A Duke and General.  
 Rangone ——— A Count, Captain of the Guard to Afcil.  
 Gualtero ——— A politicke frowne ambitious favorite to Afcil.  
 Afcillo ——— A Gentleman, and creature to Gualtero.  
 Gualterpho ——— Brother to Afcillo, Captain of the Port in Verona.  
 Rangine ——— A young gallant fouldier, much indebted and vexed by Creditors.  
 Brafco ——— An old Captain his companion.  
 Hirc ——— A fouldier, companion to them both.  
 Fribio ——— An ambitious Taylor, to whom Rangine owes money.  
 Antiocha ——— Miftrefs to Afcillo.  
 Afcillanta ——— Her Rival, daughter to Gualtero.  
 Fribia ——— A pious Widow, to whom alfo Rangine is indebted.

A Gentleman  
 Souldiers to Helicorand  
 The Guard to Afcil.

## The SCENE Verona.

The



## The Persons in the Tragedie.

- Heildebrand* ——— King of the *Lombards*.  
*Ascoli* ——— Prince of *Verona*.  
*Altophil* ——— A Duke and Generall.  
*Rangone* ——— A Count, Captaine of the Guard to *Ascoli*.  
*Galeotto* ——— A politick stout ambitious favorite to *Ascoli*.  
*Morello* ——— A Gentleman, and creature to *Galeotto*.  
*Gandolpho* ——— Brother to *Morello*, Captaine of the Fort in  
*Verona*.  
*Rampino* ——— A young gallant souldier, much indebted and  
vexed by Creditors.  
*Brusco* ——— An old. Captaine his companion.  
*Hirco* ——— A souldier, companion to them both.  
*Friskin* ——— An ambitious Taylor, to whom *Rampino* owes  
money.  
*Aribiopa* ——— Mistresse to *Altophil*.  
*Amaranta* ——— Her Rivall, daughter to *Galeotto*.  
*Fibbia* ——— A precise Widow, to whom also *Rampino* is  
indebted.  
*A Carthusian* ———  
Souldiers to *Heildebrand*,  
The Guard to *Ascoli*.

THE SCENE *Verona*.

The

# The Vnfortunate Lovers.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter *Rampino*, *Brusco*, *Hirco*.

*Rampino*.



Come Gentlemen, I'll shew you the whole Court.

*Hirco* (I thinke) was never here before.

*Brusco*. Never? he takes these or-grownne babes,  
These tender suckings Gyants of the guard  
For Colonels of *Switzerland*; each Officer  
Of the presence for a famous leader;

*Hirco*. Yes, of women in the darke.

*Ramp.* Why dost thou speake and tread so bashfully  
Behind? come boldly on, they'll thinke thee else.  
A City spie that seekes for leave to arrest.

*Brusco*. He looks as if hee had a blacke Jacke under  
His cloake, and came to beg budge at the Buttery.

*Ramp.* Move on, This is the presence, Gentlemen,  
Hence in your passage to the privie Chamber;  
You should erect your fingers to your hayre,  
Which being ordered thus, or, having used  
Your little Tortoise-combe to tittillate  
Your empty heads; you may raise those of  
But halfe a fortune thus with halfe a face,  
The favorite with your entire frame, here  
Hee is your Idoll, your Religion else  
Will be beliey'd hereticall.

*Hirco*. *Rampino*, walke no further into sight,  
Our Generalls pleasure was, wee should not be  
Discovered, yet for feare it chance to make  
His comming knowne, tis sudden, and by stealth.

Enter *Afsoli*, *Galante*, *Amazana*, who whisper together.

*Ramp.* Young *Afsoli* our Prince, *Brusco*, retire.

*Brusco*. Since my last visit to the Camp, he's grown  
Tall man, and he becomes his growth, wee that



Pursue the fullen businesse of the warre,

Long and to the death.

Pertho, and his like, but

There is no more to be said

To the world, but

*Ramp.* *Brusco*, hee will make good in future Acts

Of chivalrie mens best beliefe, and has

A nature corrupted yet, with excecise

Of guilt, this ignorance in sinne makes all

His errors seeme but rash mistakes, and well

That false *Galeotto* knowes how to subdue

A heart, whose innocence is all

The armour of his breast.

*Brusco.* Is that *Galeotto*, his deere favorite?

*Ramp.* It is; hee was a souldier in his youth,

And had the lucke of earely victories,

Which rais'd him to a restless pride, such as

He since maintaines by wicked arts of Court,

The horror of his thoughts ought make him sad

'Tis a melancholy doth cause him groane

At night, but they, re Mandrakes grounds and still

Bode death, nor is his mirth lesse dangerous:

For like the wanton play of Perpollies,

It prophesies a storme, and when he shakes

His foe by the hand, 'tis not in kindnesse, but

To reach his pulle, that hee may feel how soone

Nature would kill whom he long since prescribed

*Brusco.* What Lady's that? his eyes in everlookes?

*Hireo.* I could lieper due with her all night, than now.

*Ramp.* 'Tis faire *Amazone*, *Galeotto*'s daughter.

The beauty of her minde, shines in her face.

For she is good as faire, and more to urge

Her excellence, her vertues are so great

They overmatch his vice; but lucklesse maide

She mournes within, and loves the noble Duke

Our Generall, ev'n with a sickle and waking heart.

*Aseol.* This newes hath much of joy and somewhat too

Of wonder in't, Duke *Altophy* our Generall

So neere the towne, stolne hither to prevent

The triumphs due unto his victory.

*Galeotto.* It is your Highnesse custome to give trull

To my intelligence, and this hath been

Enough to make your beliefe; but as

You ever have, vouchsafe your helpe to make

Me profressous: so I beseech you now

Assist my daughters penfive Love. This Duke

Is high in worth, as in his blood, and may

If you procure him, choise her for his wife.

By



By his alliance to confirme my family, or to let it be my own; That I shall need to feare no change of time; No angrie fate, but from your Princely selfe.

*Afcot.* Faire *Amaranta*, dost thou love Duke *Altophil*? It is a choyce so excellent, you need Not blush to owne the passions of your heart.

*Amaranta.* Sir since it was his vertues taught me how To love, I hope my modestie may give Me leave still to confesse it to the world.

*Afcot.* His judgement seldom harbours neere his eyes; If he can looke on so much beauty, and Not wish to make it his, but Gentle maide, Trust me, I shall perfwade him to this happinesse With all my power and skill.

*Amaranta.* It is a favour that My prayer shall endeavour to requite, Though I am doubtfull how to owne it from Mine owne desires.

*Galeotto.* *Amaranta*, peace. I am the elder begger Sir, and by Continuall practice want no confidence To aske your helpe for all necessities.

*Afcot.* This, *Galeotto*, is a kindnesse to My selfe, I long to see those nuptials consummate, Where each so much deserves the others love. Let's in and make enquire of the cause, Why his arrivall is so much conceal'd.

*Brusc.* But why *Rampino*, since this Lady is So rarely qualified, and being heire To all her fathers wealth and hopes, doth not Our Generall make her lawfull mistresse of His bed.

*Ramp.* The cause is evident: for his Affections and his faith already are Ingag'd unto the beautifull *Arthiopa*.

*Brusc.* *Arthiopa*? The daughter of our old Dead Generall? alas, his fame was greater then His fortune, for he left her poore.

*Ramp.* Most true; So poore, she was constrain'd to live conceal'd Here in *Verona*, and become (tis thought) Her Lovers chaste and thankfull pensioner; And you have heard what strange reports were oft Dispers'd into our campe of her disloyalty: Some sawcily would stile it lust, and those Were punish'd for their loose and slippery tongues.

*Brusc.* It seemes then our Duke *Altophil* retains Her still in's breast with's former confidence.

*Ramp.* She growes the faster to his heart, for hee  
Had strong suspicions to believe these tales  
By *Galeotto* forg'd, who strives, it seems,  
By this poore Ladies infamie, to make  
More easie roome for his faire daughters Love.

*Hirco.* O, how full of mischief are these wise men.

*Brisco.* It would be long *Hirco*, ere wee could liqueze  
Such another plot out of thy leane head.

*Ramp.* Never, though it were crushed to a circumference  
So small, that we might make a Helmet of it.

A Hazle-Nut.

*Hirco.* Well Gentlemen, you'll find  
Our Generall an angry man ere night,  
Take that from my intelligence, though I like him  
Receiv'd it since wee came to towne I thinke.

*Brisco.* How, *Hirco*, come the newes?

*Hirco.* The Lady that you call *Archiopa*, this morning, was  
You call *Archiopa*, this morning, was,

Arrested in her Chamber by the Officers  
Of the Purgation house, and's thither sent  
To suffer for unchastity.

*Ramp.* The Devil made thee drunk with spitt of Sulphure.

*Hirco.* I'm sure this is the peoples language now,  
And talk'd on too, by children two foot high,  
And more three witnesses (whom they believe  
Brib'd and suborn'd) have all shew'd  
That was the cause of this.

*Ramp.* Here will we knocke dwelling, let them that have  
No money, take up plasters upon trusts.

*Brisco.* Away, let's to Saint Dunstons port, it was

Our Generalls will we should be expect full there.

Enter *Galeotto*, *Morello*.

*Galeot.* *Morello*, I'me subdu'd with thy fine Arts;

Thou art as swift to execute as to  
Contrive, how did our witnesses behave  
Themselves when they beheld *Archiopa*?

*Morel.* Good faith my Lord, valiant *Reques* that had

Full oft overcome their consciences before;  
And therefore, to resist her blushes, thought

It but an easie victory: this murther  
Were many they did it with their hands,

Which they both read and swore in their oath,  
And wish'd them longer for your Lordships sake.

Protesting their good natures which in them cause  
They earn'd their money with so little paines.

*Galeot.* How did the Governor both love and hate

Digest the imployment my request did lay  
Upon their gravitie?

*Morello.* They

# The Unfortunate LOVERS.

5

*Morello.* They are a kinde of Villaines, and like old fishes, }  
Of more solemne Villaines, and like old fishes, }  
Choose to demur and swiue about the baie }  
A while, ere they would catch what afterwards }  
They swallowed greedily. }  
*Galeot.* I thank their clemencie.

*Morello.* It seem'd at first, as if her innocence }  
And beauty would pervert their justice to }  
Rebell against your Lordships power; but then }  
Presuming pity was a little too }  
Effeminate for ancient Magistrates, }  
They thought upon your gold, and had decreed }  
Her to the whip; but that I interpos'd }

To mitigate their purchas'd wrath }  
*Galeot.* 'Twas safely done; for such severity }  
Would too much exasperate her friends.

*Morel.* Their sentence is, shee must from that devout }  
Chaste Colledge march, vested in white, and with }  
A purifying Taper in her hand }  
To the Cathedrall Church.

*Galeot.* If *Altophil* doe breed his honour with }  
Strict discipline, or have but any taste }  
Of wisdom in her Love, this imputation will }  
Divorce her from his eyes, my *Amaranta* then }  
Hath no impediment to terrifie her hopes; }  
These mischiefs make me mote indebted to }  
My braine, in that they are obscurely laid, }  
And I their guilty author am unknowne.

*Enter Amaranta.*

*Amaranta.* O Sir, if either teares or fervent prayers }  
Can move you to compassion, shew it now. }  
My woman halfe deprived of breath with her }  
Astonishment and halt, imperfectly }  
Hath told me newes so sad, would make a fierce }  
Young *Thrasian* souldier weep before his Bride.

*Galeot.* This newes were sad indeed, what is it? is it ho! }  
Or, if it be too fearefull for speech, }  
Bring here thy Lute, and breath it in a song.

*Amaranta.* My vertuous Rurall poore *Archiepps* }  
Is in distresse; shee suffers shame, such vile }  
Abuse, as lips well taught, will blush to utter of }  
afflicted Enemies.

*Galeot.* What is this to mee?

*Amaranta.* Sir, she's guiltlesly betrayd, I'll gage }  
My yet unspotted fame, nay, all }  
The Treasure of my soule she's most innocent; }  
Therefore I begge you would imploy your power, }  
To take her from the rigour of the Law, }  
And punish those that have perverted it.

To exercise their cruelty.

*Galeot.* Away thou meeke religious foole; ~~threesto~~  
Thy closet, goe; and with thy needle ~~some~~  
In shadow'd works, some ruthfull ~~Lovers death~~  
Then weep the silly story out; untill w ~~does blow~~  
Thy teares staine all thy tilke; Hence from my ~~light~~

*Amaran.* Alas, thou wrong'd ~~Ambrus~~, thou canst  
Not hope for truer griefe then mine;  
When other virgins shall lament thy death;

*Galeot.* *Morella*, haste, and lay out severall spices  
For *Altophil's* reproach, and bring mee word  
To whom his earliest visits are adrefs'd.

Enter *Altophil*, *Rampino*, *Brusco*, *Hirc*

*Altophil.* Hah! gone? there's treachery of State in this,  
From her small solitary mansion ta'en,  
Where she liv'd cloyster'd up, ~~like a bird~~  
To mourne my absence in a pensive song;  
Forc'd thence, and by ~~stern~~ Officers, *Hirc*;

What did the people say?  
*Hirc.* I know not, Sir,  
There is no trusting to their whisperings:  
Their murmurs are but noyse, uncertaine, Sir,  
And not to be believed.

*Altophil.* Good souldier speake,  
Deale justy with his griefes; what did they say?

*Hirc.* Why Sir, they talk'd as if I pray doe not heare't,  
All they discourse is out of rage or drinke;

*Altophil.* I pray thee vex me not with thy ~~or~~ rewife  
Till manner'd Love, it is not safe; what did  
they say?

*Ramp.* Slight, tell the Generall.

*Hirc.* Why if you needs will know, tis given out  
She was convey'd to the holy Colledge, Sir,  
The new purgation house, where witness  
Have severally depos'd shee was unchaste.

*Altophil.* Blisters and rottennesse consume thy tongue,  
Villaine, thou hast talk'd away thy life.

*Brusco.* Oh, hold Sir, hold, can you enforce  
A slander from him, and then punish it  
Your selfe? your sword upon your vassell too!

*Hirc.* If Rogues will beare false witnesse, can I helpe  
Cause they lose their soules, must I lose my life?

*Ramp.* *Galeotto*, Sir, the favorite, may be  
With argument enough suspected Chief  
In this conspiracie.

*Altophil.* Thou dost receive  
My jealous feares with truth too nak'd  
And evident to be conceal'd. What is  
That holy Colledge he's in, madnesse nam'd?



# The Unfortunate LOVERS.

*Ramp.* A place to whip offenders for their list.

*Altoph.* O heavens! why is your business so remote  
And high that you can take no notice of  
Such wrongs as these? was this the house thought fit  
To entertaine *Arthiopa*? Furies  
And Fiends ascend; take up your dwelling here  
For all this goodly City I'll convert  
Into one spreading fume; a fire so large  
And hot, shall make the Rivers teete, and Seas  
To boyle without the trouble of a storme.

*Ramp.* Kill all you meet, and burne the rest that are  
Imprison'd or asleepe.

*Ramp.* Let's thinke of rising first, then fire shops after,  
Though I must needs weare filkes; I doe not like  
Flame-colour'd Taffata.

*Hirco.* I'd faine to the Mercers too,  
And fall a measuring with my yron yard.

*Altoph.* Wy *Brusco*, dost thou stand so lamely now?  
When I perceive my injuries to grow  
Our patience will be held no vertue, but a sinde,  
Draw up the scatter'd troopes that winter'd here.

*Brusco.* O Sir, ease your distemper with  
Your wiser thoughts; the Prince you know's in towne;  
He's gracious, and will doe you right; lose not  
The fame your noble youth hath justly merited;  
With one rash act, which must be treason call'd;  
And so interpreted by all the Court  
Then thinke what danger a commotion here  
Would urge, since *Hildbrand* and the *Dumbride* King,  
(Our watchfull enemy) is now within  
Ten leagues strongly encamp'd.

Enter *Caribufian*, *Arthiopa*, who is held by him, cloth'd in white,  
Taper in her hand, people and boyes following her.

*Altoph.* What means this sad and bathfull spectacle,  
My friends? What penitentiall Lady's that  
You wait on with such needlesse courtesie?  
You, Sir, speak, can you tell? are you all dumb?  
Here's one whose habite promites so much  
Civility as, will afford me a reply.  
Pray, Sir, instruct me in this Ladies name;  
And what's the cause her penance is expos'd  
Thus to the publique view?

*Ramp.* He's a *Caribufian*, and by's order, ty'd  
To a concealment of his tongue; he must not speake.

*Altoph.* Sure I have had some knowledge of her face.

*Arthiopa.* 'Tis *Altoph.*, the Lord of all my vowes,  
Sweet Heaven let fall a cloud and hide me in't;

That

That my shame since undiscov'rd may be  
 Conceal'd from all, but you, I ask not for  
 Revenge from men, their justice I have felt  
 So cruel on my selfe, that I not dare  
 With it to those who thus have injur'd mee

*Alcephil.* Mine eyes have been too bold  
 It is not fit they should discover her  
 In so much shame, yet it must be she  
 O heart! heart! if ever thou wast made for love,  
 Love would have weav'd thy strings not of such tough  
 And stubborn wire, but silke, such as would cracke  
 With halfe that weight which hangs upon his grieffe

*Arthiopa.* Flye, flye, my Lord, and follow not this light  
 It is that walking fire within the night  
 Misleads the traveller, and like an

Unwholesome mist about it, needs must blast  
 Whom it shall tempe to wander from his wits  
*Alcephil.* Stay, stay, 'tis instant death to take her hence  
 Though all your tyrants of the Law were here  
 They would fall downe, downe at her feet, and bide  
 Their anticke faces, that doe fright poore prisoners more  
 Then their false sentence, when they're halfe asleep  
 Forgive me reverend Sir, I know in this  
 Your Office you but serve some high commands  
 Lend me this Lady for a short discourse  
 And on my honour I'll restore her to  
 Your charge; the Lawes shall be exactly satisfi'd

*Arthiopa.* Surely *Alcephil* thou art lately come from heaven  
 For this is more then humane  
 To owne a lucklesse virgine, so much lost  
 In sorrow and distresse  
*Alcephil.* Preserve thy teares;  
 This is a wicked place, such precious drops  
 Should not bedew unhallow'd ground, thy infancy  
 Is meant to me, and thou art punish'd for  
 My env'd Love; I must be so, the proofes  
 Are pregnant that perswade my faith  
*Arthiopa.* My sorrowes will seeme easie to me, though  
 accompany'd with death, such is the joy  
 I take, that you believe mee guiltlesse of  
 A crime, which, though I blush to name, yet I  
 Must owne before the world in punishment  
 The Angels, if they had but leisure to  
 Descend, would rescue I am betray'd

*Alcephil.* And I *Arthiopa*, to vindicate  
 Thy fame (yet shew obedience to the Lawes)  
 In these injurious penitentiall weeds,

*Alcephil.* Preserve thy teares;  
 This is a wicked place, such precious drops  
 Should not bedew unhallow'd ground, thy infancy  
 Is meant to me, and thou art punish'd for  
 My env'd Love; I must be so, the proofes  
 Are pregnant that perswade my faith  
*Arthiopa.* My sorrowes will seeme easie to me, though  
 accompany'd with death, such is the joy  
 I take, that you believe mee guiltlesse of  
 A crime, which, though I blush to name, yet I  
 Must owne before the world in punishment  
 The Angels, if they had but leisure to  
 Descend, would rescue I am betray'd

*Alcephil.* And I *Arthiopa*, to vindicate  
 Thy fame (yet shew obedience to the Lawes)  
 In these injurious penitentiall weeds,

*Alcephil.* And I *Arthiopa*, to vindicate  
 Thy fame (yet shew obedience to the Lawes)  
 In these injurious penitentiall weeds,

# THE TWO LOVERS

91

Will leade thee streight unto that Church,  
To which thy penance is prescribed, and there  
I'll marry thee in scorne of all the dull  
Abused world; goe on.

*Arbinoa.* O, Sir, though I be a lowly office bearer,  
Am strictly chaste, most true and loyal to the Church,  
Your Love, respect the honour of your House  
(Renown'd in war, and forraigne Courts) how will  
It be defil'd, when y'are ally'd not unto me  
Alone? but to my shame; that is a stain'd in blash an' hns, will'wov shall  
So deepe and publique now, not all my teares  
Though they could fall in showres, will wash away?

*Alcephil.* Goe on, my resolution needs no vowes.

*Bruf.* Where is your reason, Sir? you that are wise  
Enough to governe Armies in their rage,  
In your owne fury, now should be so wise  
To rule your selfe; though this sweet Ladies truth  
And vertues sacred art, and firme to our  
Beliefe; yet in the high importance of  
A wife, you should take care to match where not  
A single doubt, though ne're so weake, could be  
By Envie urg'd?

*Arbinoa.* Sir, you have too little  
Of time; much have you seen, and speake from all  
Discreet experience, and your Love I know  
You love your Duke; therefore in this advice, won't you  
You have my thanks sincerely from my soule.

*Alcephil.* Old man, could it then convey thy heart into  
My breast, and to possesse my griefe: could it shou  
With my subdu'd moyst eyes behold the great

*Gonsalvo's* daughter, Mistress of my life,  
Disgrac'd thus, like the peoples sinfull off-spring  
In the street; how would it stain thy blood?  
And then to know her sufferance treacherously  
Contriv'd by power; one that did malice all

Our holy vowes, I'll not indure; but  
The towne; kill, kill all you miscreants.

*Hirco.* Rampino, raise the old garrison i'th Citadell,  
I'll to the Sconfe behind the bridge.

*Ramp.* Since they doe love to see a souldiers Mistress  
In a white sheet, wee'll see their wives in their  
Smokes too before night.

*Bruf.* Stay, stay, is this your love unto your General?  
Or thirt to pillage and to blood?

*Arbinoa.* Sir, let me quench your anger with my teares;  
Upon my knees let me request you leave  
Me to mine owne misfortune, and the Lawes,  
This dangerous act would violate all your

Allegiance to the Prince.

*Bras.* Thinke on your selfe, and on the good depend  
Upon your better hopes.

*Alphon.* My faire white mourning, rise;

You with your Priestly office, leade the way.

Tis to the Church, thence shall obey the Law.

Hold high the Taper, and move boldly in.

Know in my d Hymen, worthy torch, and this

My wedding day; dissuade me not, my soule

Hath vow'd it, and 'tis seal'd in heavenly mouth.

Affect your Generall, follow, and affection

Me streight your shoues of joy, not wealth,

Wisdome nor honour, to me showe

The same and resolution of my Love are

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Brasen and Ramps.*

*Brasen.* **H**ere, have you appeard the musing  
The Generalls discontentes did cause.

Amongst his friends, and friends of his camp  
Companions in the streets would I have

*Hisco.* All's quiet now, tis but a still

They sadly weare their fingers in their sides,

Which they did use to have their hands in.

In telling Pistolets and Chalks.

*Brasen.* *Ramp.* 'tis expected you bring peace.

*Ramp.* Two houres I have beene waiting

A stall to certaine. Carry on, the hookes

In a good cause they might not hang with him

Cast troops, to pull downe houses, and to rob

An hereticall new Church of two hundred

Are gone swearing, and well obdified & content

What newes? Is our Generall marry'd?

*Brasen.* Not yet.

*Ramp.* How? not marry'd?

*Brasen.* No, some shall be pie that watch'd

Which way the current of his discontentes

Would runne, convey'd it to the Court, and straight

The Prince himselfe sent for him to the Court.

*Ramp.* The embers are but cover'd yet, if fire

When they are set on, the fire will flame again.

*Brasen.* Our Duke convey'd the Lady to his house

Repaired to Court, where the kind Prince with praise

And joy receiv'd him in his open armes.

*Ramp.* This

# The Unfortunate Lovers.

**Ramp.** This qualifies the best of our affairs. **Bruse.** He then laid out for those spies that were Suborn'd against his Ladies Honor, who with Severe inquiry being produced, had produc'd; not to bro't any man but Examination from the Prince: a while They justified their cause; but still Falshood betray'd it self: for when He urg'd for names of persons, time and place, With doubtfull termes, and words all joyned, they Began to stammer out their evidence. Then *Altophil* claimes leave he may present Their worship with an odd engine of pleasures.

**Ramp.** Which courteous politeness calls *Roques*.

**Bruse.** The same, and each with painfull labour was Slowly wound up.

**Ramp.** Like a huge Jacke weight, by a weak sickle wrench.

**Bruse.** Right, Sir, and then they both confest their Sins. *Galeotto* brib'd them to this perjury. And know my joy-sweet, wanting men of war, He is by th Prince imprison'd in the fort.

**Ramp.** An excellent Prince, by this hand he shal' not want. First I'll forgive him all my pay; then *Hirc.* Thou shall lend him money.

**Hirc.** Excuse me, Sir, Upon securitie, not else; I've been Too often bit that way already. **Retire Gentlemen.**

Enter *Ascol*, *Altophil*, *Galeotto*, who is held by the Gent.

**Ascol.** Though thou hast so behav'd thy selfe in war With wise directions, and a valiant arme, That fortune cannot boast a share in thy Fam'd victories; yet I must chide thee. *Altophil*, Since being mine, and so much lov'd, thou couldst Unto a Lady give thy selfe away, Not freed by my consent.

**Altoph.** Sir, I have ask'd your pardon, and believe My joyes you did lessen with your sorrowes, To make them by your kindnesse now more full.

**Ascol.** This separation will be short, for since Your Mistresse innocence is by her false accusers Clear'd unto the world, Your Nuptials I will celebrate with all The glory I can adde to th triumph of A friend; and you *Galeotto*, shall receive Such punishment as shall declare My justice equall to your crime.

**Galeot.** Sir, I confesse your favour list'd me To hope alliance with the noble Duke, Which, had I lawfully contriv'd, perhaps,



Th' ambition had not much been blamed;  
But I am left: nor would I beget blame  
Forgiveness of your Lawes, but of your selfe:  
And next my Lord of you; be pleas'd not blame  
The wrong were not of malice but of pride.

*Altephil.* Not the eldest Divell with his long practice had  
The skill to lay on me so great a wrong;  
But I could pardon it; and if I might  
Perceive the whiteness of my Mistresse's cheek  
Betray'd to penance too, it were a cruelty.  
The Fiends would sooner weep, at then commend.

*Galeat.* Then I'll provide to suffer, and so learn  
That fate I cannot alter with my prayes.

*Ascoli.* Thou, once the health of my soul, now to fight  
'Tis whollomere to looke upon the *Basiliske*;  
Perfidious to my friend, but where's *Rangone*?  
That went to fetch your Mistresse? *Altephil.*  
I never saw her yet; trust mee you are  
A cunning Lover, so long conceald  
The beauty you admire.

*Rangone.* Madam, you have excell'd doth deserve the best  
Of joyes; and I have brought you where they are.

*Ascoli.* What light is this, that ere the day is spent  
Breakes like a second morning in our eyes,  
Whil't all that's shining else shewes like a shade,  
About her beames, sweet as the precious smoake  
Alas! my friend, the funeral fire is long  
Liv'd bird of *Arabia*.

*Rangone.* You sent me for this Lady, Sir, will you  
Not speake to her? see where shee speeles.

*Ascoli.* O rise! if I have trespass'd in neglect  
Forgive thy beauty, and not its fault;  
Hath forc'd my wonder to adore what I  
(Perhaps) by th' lawes of courtesie should first  
Salute.

*Arithiopa.* Sir, though I never fear'd my stocke  
Of modellie so small, that I could want  
It for my necessary use; yet I  
Shall need to borrow blushes, if you lay  
More beautie to my charge then I dare owne.

*Ascoli.* Where have I liv'd, that I could never heare  
Sweet musique untill now? O *Altephil*!  
I find the the treasure of thy love so great  
That were it mine, I should not blame  
The envie of a friend; since from the excess  
Of judgement, when it values things at full  
Our envie growes, it is our nicity  
To call that envie sinne.

*Altephil.* What

*Altophil.* What means the Prince?

*Ascoli.* Was she that was so delicate, and soft as is  
The purple fleece of Clouds? was she thought fit  
To endure the rigour o' th' perverted Law?  
Convey the traitor hence, and never more  
Presume to set thy treacherous foot upon  
The confines of my Land.

*Ariboip.* I, so you'd vouchsafe to make my mercy an  
Example unto yours, I shall forgive his cruelties.

*Ascoli.* It were an injury to heaven; away,  
If the next time I in my Dominions spy  
This loathed face, thy life is forfeited.

*Galeot.* Sir, I'll presume you'd thinke my daughter had  
No share in my unluckie guilt; therefore  
It were not like your usuall justice, she  
Should suffer in my losse.

*Ascoli.* She is too good for thy society.

Her virtues shall preserve her here.

*Galeot.* Peace crowne you at home, and victory abroad.

*Ascol.* Know, *Altophil*, my darrest thoughts are not

So secret to my selfe, but I dare trust

Thy knowledge with them, and be safe.

Why then should thy intentions or desires

Be hid from me? I faine would sound thy breast

With a new question; prithee give me leave?

*Altophil.* Sir, I am borne to follow your command.

Aske what you please; if I want knowledge here

To satisfie your doubt, I'll studie to

Know more; pray speake.

*Ascol.* It is decreed by th' powers above (whom no

Dull earthly mediation can dissuade

Or alter) I must needs marry faire.

*Ariboipa.*

*Altophil.* I look'd for comfort, Sir,  
From your consent, not trouble from your doubts.

*Ascoli.* It is inevitable then, as the

Conjunction of th' illustrious Planets are,

That needs must meet; else all the Spheres will streight

Be out of tune; time breake his glasse, and throw

The sand in the Sunn's eyes to make him winke,

And leave us in the darke. Speake, must it be?

Or else you both will suffer an eclipse?

Make answer from thy kinde thoughts? is it

Decreed?

*Altophil.* It is: and nought can alter it but death.

*Ascoli.* How hardly then hath nature dealt with us;

For we are prisoners all; all circumscrib'd,

And to our limits ty'd: the fortunate

And lucklesse are alike : for thou art wretched  
As stri'd necessitie unto thy happiness  
Confin'd, as others to their evill fate.

*Altoph.* To be her prisoner, Sir, is to be free;  
Nor can I wish my bondage off, while it  
Am fetter'd in her armes.

*Ascol.* You'll give mee leave  
To try how far your Mistress hath engag'd  
Her faith, and not be jealous, *Altophil.*

*Altoph.* I'll trust such vertue with mine enemy. — *Ascol withdrawes*  
Ah me ! where is a Lovers wealth ? what joy  
(with *Arthiopa*)  
Is there of beauty, when once conceal'd, more then  
Of Jewels in the darke ; but when reveal'd,  
We stand to th' hazard of anothers claim.

*Rangone.* I doe not like this alteration in the Prince,  
If he doth love, I feare it is too late.

*Ascol.* Oh do not promise so much comfort in  
Your looks, and in your language breathe disputes,  
Tis like *Antistichus* *Ascol*, that ere while  
With gaudy Sunne beames shill upon the Spring,  
And in a minutes space gathers the blacke  
Thicke clouds about his brow to make a storme ;  
Have you no pitie left ?

*Arthiopa.* My pitie, Sir, you'll hardly entertaine,  
Since it must come alone without reliefe.

*Ascol.* Why were you trusted with such beauteous wealth,  
And make such hastie bargaines for your selfe ?  
Could you have skill to know the value of  
Your love, and give it all way at once ?

*Arthiopa.* Sir, I beseech you doe not urge me to  
Deny, what in your gentler clemencie  
You should forbear to aske, heaven made my vowes,  
And they are *Altophils*.

*Ascol.* No more, my trespasse I'll decline, though I  
Augment my griefes ; my *Altophil* farewell. — *takes him by the hand*  
When thou dost heare me sicke, thinke what disease

*Arthiopa's* neglect might once have bred  
In thee, then mourne me at that rate ;

*Rangone*, come, leade to the Cypresse grove. — *Exit Ascol, Rangone.*

*Altophil.* Thou art as much unfortunate as faire.  
But smile upon thy stars, perhaps they may  
Be sooth'd into a kinder influence.

The Prince is noble, and in's wildome will  
Digest this fit that shakes him out of frame :  
These Gentlemen have shar'd with mee the sharpe  
Calamities of war ; give them your hand. — *Brusc. Ramp. Hirc. kisse her*  
Take care my valiant friends here in the towne, (hand  
You give example of a sober discipline. — *Exeunt Altophil, Arthiopa.*  
*Brusc. A*

*Brusco.* A rare creature.  
*Ramp.* No sweet meat in the world  
 Is like the conserve of a Ladies hand.  
*Hirco.* She'll thinke o'th' *Hirco* this twelve-month by way  
 Of a full busses; I laid it roundly on.  
*Ramp.* Why you came last, Sir, and kist but her wrist,  
 Her hand was melted before into my mouth; ah. — *Buter Friskin, Ramp.*  
*Brusco.* What Planet-strucke? *(spies him, and Baris*  
*Hirco.* 'Tis his Taylor, he owes him money. *(backe.*  
*Ramp.* How did the Rascall finde me out? I shift  
 My lodging as often as conveniently  
 I can remove my Trunks; thrice in two dayes,  
 Would's needle stick a groffe his throat.  
*Friskin.* Signior *Rampino*.  
*Ramp.* Signior *Friskin*. — I thought it should be you.  
 And how doste heart, and how, how does thy wife?  
 My Godson too at nurse; I've a little whistle  
 For him, 'tis coming in the Generalls Court.  
*Friskin.* All well Signior,  
 Doe the wars thrive, Sir  
 Is there any money stirring?  
*Ramp.* Faith some of us here,  
 By our continuall practice, know a Duckett  
 From a Counter, we've mauld King *Hildebrand*.  
*Friskin.* We heare he is encamp'd some ten leagues hence.  
*Ramp.* Yes, we have put him to his Salads, like  
 A sawey Frog upon anothers meadow.  
*Friskin.* Signior, there is an old debt.  
*Ramp.* Do'st thou thinke I have forgot it? I prithee  
 What skirt's in fashion now the Jacket-way;  
 Downe to the hammes?  
*Friskin.* No Sir, sixe in a ranke;  
 But Sir, the debt is old.  
*Ramp.* I, I, with all my heart; how are their cloaks?  
 A square-full cape?  
*Friskin.* Just as you left them, Sir;  
 Would you would thinke upon your debt.  
*Ramp.* Do'st thinke I doe not; I prithee bring me but  
 A patterne of a Polish coat, I'd weare it loose  
 And short; pray Gentlemen know my friend; believ't  
 I'd rather see him sit cross-legg'd then any man  
 In *Lumbardy*; his thimble on, and's needle thus —  
 He'll runne a tilt through cloth two inches thicke.  
*Brusco.* Is he so excellent? he shall make my cloaths.  
*Hirco.* And mine too, if he please.  
*Friskin.* Have they any furs, Sir, are they well stored?  
*Ramp.* A brace of rich close curmudgeonly fellows;  
 Thou seest they care not what their outside is,

So their pockets be well lin'd.

*Friskin.* It seemes they are a little carelesse, Sir, indeed; where is your lodging now?

*Ramp.* In troth 'twill be in the old mansion, neere the Palace yard, till six of clocke at night; But then I must remove, the Fiddlers doe so often waken me with their mutton'd Gridyrons And good-morrowes, I cannot sleepe for them; I'll send thee word where I shall fix.

*Friskin.* And you'll remember, Sir, my bill.

*Ramp.* Do'st thinke I'll faile; I prithee bring thy weights Along with thee, we shall else wrangle about light gold.

*Friskin.* Y'are welcome, Sir, to towne.

*Ramp.* Away, lest we be vex'd againe with new Solicitors for the old cause.

Enter Galeotto, Gandolpho, Morello.

*Galeotto.* Is Amaranta sent for by the Prince?

*Morello.* She is, but for what use I could not learne; My brother, whom your former bounties have Prefer'd, and late made Captaine of the Fort, Is come, Sir, to bewaile your miseries, And proffer all his service, to make knowne Your losse cannot dissuade his gratitude.

*Gandol.* My Lord, from low deservings you have rais'd Me to the best command this place affords; A souldiers hope, but if my life can pay Your bountie, I will keepe it for that use.

*Galeotto.* Your natures are so thankfull, Gentlemen, For little benefits, that I am taught, If ever I can reach my former power, T'oblige more friends, though with a greater charge.

*Morello.* My Lord, your wisdome hath the skill to cure A disease stronger then your fortune feeslesse.

*Galeotto.* Greatnesse hath still a little taint i'th blood; And often 'tis corrupted neere the heart; But these are not diseases held, till by The Monarch spide, who our ambition feeds; Till't surfeits with his love; nor doe wee strive To cure or take it from our selves, but from His eyes, and then our medicine wee apply Like th'weapon-salve, not to our selves, but him Who was the sword that made the wound; And this State-medicine is compos'd of flattering industry, And such false cures as like to false alarms

Fright men to feare danger, when none is neere, Still vex'd, and busie to do reall use, As drones that keepe most noyse about the hive,



# The Unfortunate LOVERS.

17

And then devour the politique Court Flies  
What foolish Bees bring on their weary thighs.

*Moré.* These Lectures (my *Gandolph*) shew a braine  
That will preserve him, spight of power; my Lord,  
My brother is your owne, and wee will share  
The hazard of your fortune.

*Galotto.* The Captaine hath a valiant soule; and  
Perhaps may use him in a close designe,  
That i'th successe will richly pay his love.

*Gandolph.* When y<sup>e</sup> are most confident of me, y<sup>e</sup> can't  
Expect so much as I'll performe.

*Galotto.* Enough; *Moré*, Sir, shall undertake  
For my believe, to all you dare  
Make promise of; if you will please to bring  
Me to the Ports, where short the allowance of  
My time will force mee take a sad farewell,  
I'll breathe my love, and businesse to you both.

*Enter Altophil, Arthioph.*

*Altophil.* Gladnesse possesse my Mistresse thoughts; I'm told  
The Count *Rangone* from the Prince is now  
Alighted at my gates, good newes I hope;  
For though we live as in a covert here,  
Thou as my Nunne, to morrow may proclaime  
This house a Court, and you my cheerfull Bride.

*Arthioph.* The frownes of heav'n is to the vertuous like  
Those thicke darke clouds, poore wand'ring Sea-men spie,  
Which oft fore-tell their happinesse, and shew  
The long expected land is neere.

*Enter Rangone, Amarantha her*

*Rangone.* Felicity and everlasting fame  
Betide the noble Generall: thus  
Am bid salute you from our mighty Prince.

*Altophil.* I am the creature of his power and will.  
*Rangone.* I with this gentle greeting must present  
The richest treasure nature in her last  
Declining stocke of beauty could afford  
The world, behold it and admire;  
Her eyes dissolving thus in teares, should teach  
Thy heart to melt; for know, thou cruell Lord,  
She long hath chafly sickned for thy love.

*Altophil.* Alas, unluckie maid! how can thy griefes  
Expect comfort from him that knowes not to  
Redresse his owne?

*Amarantha.* Yet, Sir, I hope 'tis in  
Your power t'excuse th'unwilling error of  
My modesty; I surely am the first  
Sad Lady ever was constrain'd to seek  
Her Lover, and then woo him too, but 'tis  
The Prince hath forc'd mee here to nourish my

D

Affection

Affection with your reall fight, that she  
Had been conceal'd, and with your shadow fed.

*Arthiopa.* Poore *Amara*, I must needs lament  
The malice of thy fortune, though  
My pity shewes unkindnesse to my selfe,

*Rangone.* Sir, my Commission's to aske, if you  
Can love and celebrate this Ladie for  
Your wife; and our kinde Prince, besides the forfeited  
Possessions of her fathers wealth, will  
her dowrie adde honours and lands, till  
You share his royaltie.

*Altophil.* Too soone this *Amara* Riddle is resolv'd  
He Loves *Arthiopa*, and would  
Enforce mee wed this Ladie, to assure  
More easie way for's owne desires,

*Arthiopa.* O, *Altophil*, were I not well  
Instructed in thy loyaltie, how soone  
Her beaurie, and these foolish hopes would throw  
Me cold into the flames of death.

*Altophil.* Sir, you must carry to the Prince what I  
Was never wont to send; a harsh deniall of  
His suite: and give me leave to say, tis troublesome  
And too severe.

*Amara.* How am I lately harden'd with the use  
Of sorrowes, that I cannot see  
My angrie doom, and live,

*Rangone.* Summon your wife  
Your kinder thoughts, and make such reply  
As may joy in the deliverie, and  
And soone procure a mutuall happiness.

*Altophil.* To court me to a better knowledge of my blis  
Then I already understand  
Were but a vaine attempt; I am resolv'd  
Within the chaste embraces of these armes  
To live, or die.

*Amara.* My deare, have forfeited their faculties  
Why should they still persist of their sense, that could  
Not for a while be deafe, but now must hearken to  
My evill fate?

*Rangone.* Sir, pardon my obedience to my Prince,  
For I shall execute a sad command  
You of the Guard, lay hold upon the Duke. — *Enter the Guard, and seize*

*Altophil.* Feare not, *Arthiopa*, some joy remains  
I'th hopes we shall not be divided in  
Our sufferings.

*Rangone.* Shee is my pris'ner, Sir,  
And must to Court, whilst you and  
Confin'd together in this house.

*Altophil.*

*Altophil.* False

*Altophil.* False Prince, how cunning is thy cruelty?

*Arthiola.* Left we had court yet respect and end  
Of all our calamities, this way was found  
To make us yet more certaine of despair.

*Rangone.* In this, Sir, you perceive the intricate  
Though powerfull influence of love, that doth  
Pervert most righteous natures to attempt  
Unjust designs, his Godhead is not full knowne;  
And's miseries have beene but dully taught  
To men: for I am charged to say this new  
Constraint is but a sad experiment  
To trie if you to *Amaranta* can  
Pay equall love for hers, and mee *Arthiola*  
Returne unto the Prince, what's passions now  
May challenge as a debt.

*Arthiola.* O, my true Lord,  
Shall wee ne'r meet agen, and tell our thoughts  
Which still we found too like, as if we were  
Had but one heart wherein we gave them formes?

*Altophil.* I were sinne to have no hope, were it change our fates,  
For there are many more will gladly take  
Protection of our loves.

*Rangone.* My time was limited, my wittnesse is  
Become my charge, and must to Court.

*Arthiola.* Sir, give me leave, but to salute this Lady,  
Whose friendship, though of noble worth, I shall  
Too soone receive, too soone I feare forlake;  
You, gentle *Amaranta*, must enjoy  
Your blessed habitation here, here with  
My Lord, whom I would faine commend, not to  
Your care, but your neglect; for know,  
We in our virgin-bashfulness esteeme  
Solicitation and address, a more  
Undoubted sinne, then our disdain.

*Amaranta.* Madam, I'm here, pitie her too, and will  
Expect like others, in harsh times distress  
His pitie, not reliefe; I'll hope for that,  
If you'll permit without a jealousie.

*Arthiola.* Preserve me in thy kind remembrance, *Altophil*.

*Altophil.* What other use have I of memory,  
When I have conceal'd the records of thee?

*Arth.* Sir, I am loath to leave this Ladie here,  
Imprisonment is cruell to a Maid;  
Was it the Princes will, these needs must stay.

*Rangone.* I have receiv'd it in a strict command.

*Arthiola.* O, *Altophil*! Sir, let me hide mine eyes;  
It were some crime 'gainst them, thus to forsake  
Their chiefest joy, and let them see it tot.

*Altophil.* Since *Amorosa*, wee  
Must strive to woo, let's learne no mortall love  
That's dangerous, and quickly ends; but true  
To make't eternall which is first to die.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter *Brusco*, *Rampino*, *Hirco*, their swords drawne, a noyse  
of Drummes first heard a farre off.

*Rampino.* **A**ll's lost, the towne is taken, we are betray'd,  
That cursed Traytor *Galeotto* sold  
Us like tame feeble sheep to *Heildebrand*,  
The *Lombards* King, whom false *Morello* (taught  
Ly's masters Art) gave in the sleepeie house  
Of night a secret entrance through the Westerne Port.

*Hirco.* No courage left? is th' Citadell surpriz'd?  
*Brusco.* Past all recovery? *Gandolpho*, hee  
That was prefer'd to the command of it  
Some two yeeres since, byth treacherous favorite,  
At his designe made a surrender to  
The sliching King, that hath not overcome,  
But stolne us to captivity.

*Ramp.* What drowlie ignorance posses'd the Prince  
To trust with such important power, one whom  
He knew a traytor to that Villaines lust?

*Brusc.* I, there his reason shew'd herselfe benighted;  
When he had banish'd *Galeotto*, and  
Incens'd his very soule to all malignitie  
That his invenom'd gall could ere produce,  
Then to put trust in those he had prefer'd?

Enter *Rampino*.

*Rampino.* O Gentlemen? to what unreasonablie use  
Doe you advance your weapons, as you meant  
To threaten the victorious foe? when we  
Are so much past the likelihood of helpe,  
That all resistance you can make is but  
To hasten on the forfeit of your lives.

*Brusco.* If channells must overflow with blood, the shalle  
Be fed from proudest veins that highest swell;  
Theirs who would emptie ours shall open too.

*Ramp.* Why should we calmly die, as if we had  
Drunke cold Mandragona, and breathe our soules  
Out in our sleepe, departing with lesse noyse  
Then men that dreame they die; let's venture to  
Regaine the Fort.

*Hirco.* There are enow to make

*Scallades* left, that have not yeelded up  
Their armes; if wee must fall, it is as good  
Doet climbing as thus standing still.

*Rang.* Your forces are too weak, his fortin'd  
Alreadie with two Regiments of *Souldiers*.  
I know you thinke, I am as much inclin'd  
To hazard, as that man, who dares the most  
In glory or revenge; but this attempt  
Will onely serve to incense *Heidebrand*  
Against our Prince and *Alcephil*; who with  
*Archieps* are prisoners, and given  
To *Galeoto's* power as a reward.  
First promis'd him to purchase his lost faith.

*Brusco.* The Prince our Generall, and his Mistresse too  
All t'ane? the destinies are grown too curd.  
Stand close, and make this passage good.

Enter *Heidebrand*, *Galeoto*, *Morrell*, *Gandolph*, *Souldiers*.

*Heidebrand.* What left mist-taken soules, are these, who but  
A peece and remnant of discom'd strength  
Presume defiance still, when all the rest  
Have safely yeelded to our power? Bid them  
(*Galeoto*) give their weapons up.

*Galeot.* Why, Gentlemen doe you vainly tempt  
A danger from his wrath, that not delights  
To ruine where his mercy is implor'd?  
Present him your unprofitable swords,  
And I'll procure a full assurance of  
Your lives and liberties.

*Rangone.* Kindnesse sounds ill in a traytors tongue.  
If you had by all held unto your Prince,  
Such mediation had been out of use.

*Galeot.* This language is too hold; it doth proclaim  
Your anger great, and your discretion small.  
But such untimely choller, know, I can  
As easily forgive as scorne, and will  
Require it, (if you'll yet submit) with a  
Protection of your throats, that else are in  
Great danger to swallow no more new wine.

*Morrel.* The counsell that hee gives you is not fit  
To be refus'd.

*Gandolph.* Y'our brothers of the campe, is it not better  
To live and spend your pay, when you can get it,  
Then die, and have it laid out in furrall plums?

*Heidebr.* If you will hazard death we can afford it,  
If you with taking but a little paines  
Stand still and smile whilst it is done. If you'll  
Deserve to live, you shall enjoy the same  
Kinde mercy wee afford the towne; be free



And still protected by your former laws,  
But first yeeld up your swords.

And we are left to poverty and shame.

**Hiree.** Your grant already has killed our Old Man.  
The preservation of their lands and goods

Ramp. Shall we fare worse than retailers of small wares?  
Heildebrand. The tribute of your Ranks we'll not pay to you.

Till night; and then on th' bottom of Falkland's Bay  
They shall be all rector'd. *Enter two more.*

Rangoon. In our resistance, Gentlemen, we give away our lives; let us preserve

Them rather for our Princes future use.

Heilbr. Disarme, and leade them to our Court-house.

Where, when you have enroll'd their names, take care  
That our engagement be made good.

Ramp. I pray looke to thee, thou art  
The Hik, it is a widowes favour.

Heidebr. Where's (Galesto) your prisoners?  
Galesto. Safely confin'd in my owne house.

According to your royal grant, I gave  
The full disposing of their lives.

Heildeb. Take our consent, we're ready to be made  
At first our bountie did assure ; but then

Your secret promise must be straight performed.

Heidelberg. Leads to the City Senate, that will gladly receive their homage, and confirm their Law.

Still we are your secret promise in your thoughts.  
Enter *Arcola, Attendants*. *Arcola*: What am I bound?

**Ascoli.** My fall from Sovereign title and commands,  
My losse of that which nature would can make

My pleasant liberty ; thus being bound  
Like a cheap slave, that's sold for hire, then slaves

The conqueror the riots of one meal.  
Not all these sufferings make me mourning to much.

As my Short separation of your loves.  
Yet, when I saw her faith was so oblig'd

And knit unto your vertues, *Alas,*  
did resigne my nuptiall hopes, and gave

her loyaltie the praise and reverence due  
Unto a Saint.

Arthiopa. Your usage, Sir, I have  
Confess'd, was noble, though unfortunate.

And I shall finde scarce teares, enough left to lament  
My owne captivitie, when I behold

My mourning Lords and yours.

*Altophil.* Would there were here  
Some flowrie banke, shaded with Cypresse-trees,  
And Sycamore, whose shade might shelter from  
Hangs o're a little of continued trouble,  
That ever murmurs, as it softly knees  
It travell'd to some River that must soone  
Convey it to the Sea, where they are both  
In trouble with the bounds and loss of life were  
Would sit, comparing mighty Counts to greater Seas,  
Where Lovers like small Rivulets are vex'd  
A while, and then o'rewhelm'd. A rural residence  
Neere Woods and Meads, though in a humble place  
The place, where we may love and be secure.

*Altophil.* Why then did my too valiant father, and  
Thy selfe disquiet all the peacefull world  
With hunting after fame? laden with cruell  
In heavie armour for the chace of toying, but  
To get us this renowne and shining reputation  
Which since hath ruin'd our estate. O that  
We first had met in Shepherds homely weeds!

*Altophil.* I, my *Arthiopa*, or that we now  
Might so enjoy our liberties, then if  
Ambition did inflame my thoughts to rise  
At victories, I should not combat for a Crowne,  
But wrestle for some *Chippie*, wreath'd by thee.  
*Of Daisies and Pinks* —

*Altophil.* How kindly we  
Should take o'th Celestiall Governours,  
If they would make these *Wishes* real againe,  
And mee some neight'ring *Villages* for signs  
To joy, and wonder at your loves and rage.  
The beauties of your Mistress mind, my *Altophil*,  
Such Rivalship is noble, though it is new.

*Altophil.* Appeare, and let the rage inflame that worst  
'Las! poore Traytor! how dost thou mislead me  
How weake, that canst invent no punishment  
To quit thy daughters still misdeeds of love!  
But what wee'll suffer, and embrace with some

*Ascoli.* Performe thy manly toyle, that wee may laugh  
To thinke how all posterity will urge  
Thy deeds in railing Proverbs to expresse  
Disloyaltie.

*Arthiopa.* And Maids, when they but heare thy name  
Shall crosse themselves in superstitious feare.

*Morello.* These are but dang'rous crabbed compliments  
To him that holds your lives in his command.

*Galeot.* Right, Sir, if I could easily remove  
My gall from off my liver to my heart;  
But now I take no joy in bitterness;  
Thus I requite their wrath, and their bright eyes.

*Altophil.* How's this! What may the cause be of this?

*Galeot.* Waste not your wonder, Sir, it is no dream.

*Altophil.* His sinfull nature is corrupted.

*Galeot.* Now, being all made free, you  
And faire *Arthips*, have but exchange  
These fetters to be joy'd in everlasting bonds;  
Start not, they are but Matrimoniall cords;  
And ease to be worn, though neere untied.

*Arthips.* My prayers have found the nearest way to heaven,  
How quickly they were heard.

Those frowns are all  
Wip'd off, that so disfigur'd thee, thy brow  
Is quite unwrinkled now, and grows so smooth.

Thou wilt not know it in thy former glass;  
*Afcot.* *Galeot*! this restores thee to thy kind.

Esteeme agen; whilst I behold their happiness,  
I can forgive thy stealth upon my state.

*Galeot.* Convey those Lovers to their bridall chamber,  
And let the ceremoniall rites be such

As I directed them.  
*Altophil.* Come my *Arthips*, gladness shall leave

No roome for Virgin-blushes in thy cheeks. — *Exeunt Altophil, Arthips.*

*Afcot.* Is my employment void, must I not goe  
And helpe to celebrate this blessed hour?

*Galeot.* No, Sir, you have a greater business  
Your owne, and may be thought as happy too.

If you will prove as wise in your content  
As I am kind to offer it.

*Afcot.* Instruct me better what you meane,  
*Galeot.* You see how your most signour doo depend

My person and my wealth, refused mee to  
Such wayes in my revenge, as once have made

Me apt for more ambitious hopes, then those  
I lost; This froward Duke held my alliance in

Unhallowed worth: Now hee is more in my  
Contempt; for you (his Mother, Sir) I thinke

Fitter to choole my daughter as a wife,  
*Afcot.* There's mystry in this discourse.

*Galeot.* 'Tis easie, Sir, when you conceive, that  
By marriage now remove *Arthips*

From your desires.  
*Afcot.* But I have made a vow,  
Since she severely did refuse the first

Most lawfull passions that I ever felt,  
All other beauty shall appeare too late.

*Galeotto*. Those are but silly vows, which Amorists  
In choller make, when they have vainly spent  
A frostie night, with singing Madrigalls  
To some coy Mistresse; whilst her windowes shut,  
Consider, this perform'd, my power with *Heilbrand*  
May keepe you yet in your Dominions free,  
Some slender yearly tribute being paid.

*Ascoli*. It is not in your will to force my Love  
*Galeotto*. Sir, if I should, it were but justice, and  
Divine; since in my absence you conspir'd  
T'enforce brave *Alisophil* to make her his;  
That your desires might suffer no impediment  
When they should court *Arthiola*.

*Ascoli*. Thou rudely dost awake  
Those thoughts that faine would sleepe; I'll heare no more.  
*Galeotto*. Goe, bind him then, and leade him where he was  
Before restrain'd; you shall have time to meditate,  
And make your resolutions of more weight.

*Gandolpho*. My Lord, I'll watch him like your Sentinell.  
*Ascoli*. Slave, dost thou use me as fond children doe  
Their Birds, shew me my freedom in a string;  
And when th'ast play'd with me enough, straight pull  
Me backe agen to languish in my Cage?  
This insolence will make her chiefe in hell.

Enter *Hirco*, *Friskin*, *Fibbia*.

*Fibbia*. Well, this is a good King, the Lawes shall have  
Their course; it matters not who raignes, as long  
As ev'ry one may come by their owne; if  
Seignior *Rampino* pay me not, I can  
Arrest him new.

*Friskin*. Troth Mistresse *Fibbia*'s in the right;  
For thus to faile his day, is such a thing,  
Heaven will never blesse him.

*Fibbia*. Never, 'Tis impossible he should come to good  
That failes his day.  
Heaven keepe my friends from failing of their day.

*Hirco*. Who would have thought 'I had been so great a sin;  
But the truth is, I ne're studied Divinitie;  
All that I reade is in the Muster-booke.

*Friskin*. But, as you told us, Sir, Is he so great  
Already with the new King?

*Hirco*. Upon my honour, hee sent him just now  
A sword for a present, and thus to me,  
Because I am his friend.

*Friskin*. Yours (Seignior) is not very rich.

*Hirco*. No, a plaine bandall Hilt; it was his great

Great grandfathers, but there are no such blades wome now. — *Enter*  
 I've told your friends here, how much you are *(Rampino)*  
 In favour now at Court, and they rejoyce,  
 Heartily, beare up; and make it good,  
 Sir, we have reason to be glad; I pray  
 How came't about? may wee learne a little  
 of the State devices?

*Ramp.* Troth partly merit, for you know  
 I weare my cloaths as well as another man;  
 Besides, I had the lucke to be most neere  
 A kinne to him that did betray the Fort.

*Friskin.* Ah, Seignior, if you could have betray'd it  
 Your selfe, then we had been all made.

*Ramp.* Well, no time lost, we may have occasion  
 To betray somewhat hereafter; men that  
 Will rise, must not be tender of  
 Their labour and good will.

*Fibbia.* Seignior, y'are in the right;  
 For if we labour in our Calling, heaven  
 Will helpe us to betray something or other  
 For our good.

*Ramp.* Mistress *Fibbia*, I owe you  
 For much profitable counsell.

*Fibbia.* I, Sir, and money for other things.

*Ramp.* Wee'll talke of that anon.  
 Shew mee another —

Of thy standing that beares her yeeres like thee;  
 It shall cost mee foure Duckets but I'll  
 Get thy picture, and by thy side I'll have  
 Young *Antiphetes* thy sonne drawing too,  
 Eating of Cherries in a green coat.

*Friskin.* Seignior, this was the day you promis'd me.

*Ramp.* I, I must talke with you; d'you heare, you shall  
 Worke for the King.

*Friskin.* Who? I Sir, alas!

*Ramp.* Come, it must be so, his Taylor dy'd this morning.

*Friskin.* I pray, Seignior.

*Hirco.* 'Tis very true;  
 He fell madde with studying of new fashions.

*Friskin.* I shall be thankfull if you'll use your power.

*Ramp.* You can i'th long vacation ev'ry yeere  
 Travell to *Parus*, and instruct your selfe  
 O'th newest modell, and best cut.

*Friskin.* I have a brother lives there, Sir, he is  
 A Shoe-maker, and lately sent me post  
 A patterne of the finest Spur-leather;  
 I was so admir'd at Court.

*Ramp.* Write for him straight, he shall be prefer'd too.



If he bee kowne to trim at's pairing-knife,  
He cannot misse th' reversion of that place.

*Friskin.* If the house of the *Friskins* rise, none of  
Your worthy issue shall want a second.

*Fibbia.* Seignior, my money's due since *Lammai* last;  
Shall I know your mind?

*Ramp.* Sweet Miltresse *Fibbia*, you shall receive our whole  
Discourse; I'm studying to preferre your neighbour here  
At Court. Now, if you'll choose any employment  
In the Queens side, your hopes stand faire; she now  
Lies in at *Adantua*. Let me see — what thinke  
You of a Rockers place to the young Prince?

*Fibbia.* Why truly, Sir, so I may carry my  
Small sonne a long, I would be loth to leave him  
Behind in a lone house.

*Ramp.* You must buy him a new Hat; and d'you heare,  
Let him abstaine from Ginger-bread, 'twill spoyle  
His growth.

*Fibbia.* A little, Sir, on holy dayes.

*Ramp.* You will be selfe-will'd.

*Fibbia.* He alwayes had a care of my sonne.

*Ramp.* *Friskin*, and you may visit me to morrow,  
And know more.

*Friskin.* I'll bring my measure with me, it is long  
Since I wrought for your worship.

*Ramp.* Doe, doe, farewell; *Hirco*, make haste, and shift the ayre;  
There's nothing so contagious as the breath  
Of Creditors.

*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter *Morello*, *Altophil*, *Arbiosa*.

*Altophil.* Rich hangings of the anticke *Persian* Looome,  
*Venetian* Tapers guilt, and bedding of  
*Italian* Nunnes imbroaderie, purld and imbos'd,  
*Galeotto* shewes his bountie great to decke  
Our Bridall chamber, with such forraigne pomp;  
But where's the Priest, that with his holy words  
Should make us fit to enter here?

*Morello.* Rosting the Pigge he receiv'd in his last tythes.

*Altophil.* Your mirth is somewhat strange; does it become you?

*Morello.* How little are you prais'd in th'affaires  
And soules of men, to thinke this sumptuous bed  
Within, and furniture could entertaine  
Anemie?

*Altophil.* For whom was it prepar'd?

*Morello.* For mighty *Heildebrand*, the *Lombards* King,  
Who, when hee gave the Prince, and you secure  
Undoubted prisoners to my Masters will,  
He had a promise made, the ensuing night  
He should enjoy that Lady in his armes.

## The Unfortunate LOVERS.

*Arthropa.* Ah mee ! what prodigies are here ?

*Altophil.* Villaine, take that for thy intelligence. *Strikes him.*

*Morcl.* So fierce in your rewards ! what ! bow, seize on the Duke ? — Entire his offensive armes, the Lady too ! *(See souldiers lay bold on him.)*

*Altophil.* My sense is so much dull'd with often use

Of my calamities, that they are now

Become my sport ; what followes, Sir ? I doe

Befeech you would proceed.

*Morcllo.* Souldiers, avoyd the roome. *Exeunt souldiers.*

Know, Sir, the wife *Galcora* to make full

Witty and new his bounty to the King,

Ordain'd that you this Lady's Lover, should.

Upon your knees present her to his lust :

Your proud neglect of *Amaranta* then

Is subtilly repay'd.

*Altophil.* O ! damn'd infernall Dog.

*Morcllo.* I'll leave you, Sir, take leisure, and resolve

To accept of this imployment, or to die. *Exit.*

*Altophil.* How divers are the changes of his tyrannie,

Erewhile he flatter'd us with pleasant shewes

Of comfortable hope ; then suddenly

Presents us with more horrid formes then death.

*Arthropa.* Death is our happiest expectation now ;

The grave is ever quiet, though 'tis cold ;

But *Altophil*, alas ! when wee have slept

A many thousand yeeres ; who ist can tell

If I againe shall know thee when I wake ? *Exit Amaranta.*

*Amaranta.* The chiefeest blessings that are bred above

Fall on you both ; like Summer showers that come

To ripen what before was but it's infancy

Of growth : First, *Altophil*, on you that are

Most noble to the world, though much behind

To mee ; next on your Bride, whose veyes shine

So cleare, that I must checke my envie, and

Pretend some joy to see her fortunate.

*Altophil.* Can this be *Amaranta's* voyee ? is shee

Perverted too, and taught to mocke at our

Distresse ?

*Arthropa.* This ill befeemes a Maidens tendernesse

*Amaranta.* Forbid it goodnesse ; if you suffer ought,

That I should make your miseries my teorne ;

For just heaven knowes, my father with great shewes

Of kindnesse, and of hope lately disturb'd

My Orifons, with newes hee had design'd

The Prince to marry me, which, *Altophil*,

Was but unwelcome hope, since my best Love

Must die with thy disdain ; then told me all

These preparations were to celebrate

Your Nuptials with' *Arthiopa*.

*Altophil*. My Nuptiall Rites ! this was a feign'd disguise  
To hide his foule lascivious purpose from  
Thy bashfull sight.

*Amar*. My Lord, though he hath wrong'd you much, do not  
Misconstrue him as fit for all impieties.

*Altophil*. Alas ! it is too drie  
A truth ; witnesse these bonds, witnesse those griefes

That hang upon *Arthiopa* like blacke

Wet clouds upon the mornings cheekes ; know she

Is here design'd for th'lust of *Heildebrand* :

And I by your obdurate fathers will,

Must be inforc'd to see and suffer it.

*Amaranta*. Horror ! why should I tarry here,

And listen to such things as are not fit to be  
To be believ'd ?

*Altophil*. Stay *Amaranta*, stay ;

If thou art pitifull, and hast that heaven

Within thy heart, that with such lively truth

Is figur'd in thy face, expresse it now.

Thou knowest the secret passages and doores

Of this thy fathers house, convey with thy

Best skill ; and trust my Mistresse to some darke

Unusuall place, where she may rest secure

And safe from violence.

*Arthiopa*. Upon my knees I begge

If yet the softnesse of thy mothers nature

Have any residence within thy breast ;

Looke like a Virgin on a Virgins moane ;

And let thy mercy finde some way to hide

My honour from the reach of wicked men.

*Altophil*. This sad necessity hath made my joynts

Stiffned with Winter-marches in the war,

Now supple as a Courtiers knee, that waits

Upon a Tyrants Throne. Behold how low

I fall to be my Mistresse advocate.

*Amarant*. Let me henceforth in darkness dwell ; for why

Should I againe make use of day, that could

Endure to see th'electd Monarch of

My vassall'd Love, thus humbled at my feet ?

Rise, Sir, rise sweet *Arthiopa*, though it

Seemes strange (though you my Rivallare) I should

Assist your fortune, whose felicity

Must ruine mine ; yet I will justly doe't

With hazard of my life.

*Altophil*. What strange malicious courttesie (you starres)

Was this ? to make the first election of

My love so excellent, and with *Arthiopa*,

So fill my breast, that there no roome was left  
To entertaine the Ladies true  
Affection, till it came too late.

*Arthiopa.* And I could not confirme  
My owne chiefe happinesse, but whilst I soyld  
The chaste proceedings of her hope.

*Amar.* First, I'll untie these mis-becoming bonds;—*Unbinds them.*  
Now, follow mee with slow and wary feer,  
Strong guards are severally dispers'd beneath;  
You cannot voyd the house; but there's a vault  
Deepe buried under yonder Turrets frame,  
Where I'll conceale you both, till I perswade  
My father cease his irreligious wrath.

*Altophil.* This kindnesse to thy Rivall shall become  
(In all succeeding times) a story fit  
To soften ev'ry amorous Ladies eare;  
Fame loud shall sing it, and preserve it long.  
The musicke of her trumpet, not her tongue.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter Heildebrand, Galeotto.*

*Heildebrand.* These ornaments shew much magnificence  
And wealth, the prosperous Monarch of the East  
Might here vouchsafe to sleepe, though when his bold  
And superstitious fables made him thinke  
The Sunne was marryed, and would send his glistering wife  
To be his Concubine.

*Galeotto.* These Tapers, Sir,  
And these refulgent Stones, will all grow darke,  
When you behold *Arthiopa*; who now  
(That you may find my promise just) you shall  
Embrace; where is shee? ha, death on this slave.  
*Morello* told me that he left her here;  
Her Lover too, fast bound to my dispose.

*Amaranta*! what divell counsell'd thee  
To this untimely visit in the night?

*Amaranta.* It was a carefull Angell, Sir, that to  
Prevent the dangers on your soule, hath given  
Me order to dehort your rage, which so  
Pursues *Arthiopa*.

*Galeotto.* Where is shee? speake,  
Where's *Altophil*? remoy'd and hid by thee?

*Heildebr.* Her beauties make his faint description more  
Like envie then just praise; the nicest maid

In Lombardy, strictly compar'd, looks like  
A wither'd Lapland Nurse; my teeming wife  
Shewes foule and ranny to her, as h'ad beene  
The footy off-spring of a *Moor*.

*Galeot.* Why dost not speake, I know she can't escape  
The confines of my house, my guards are made  
Too watchfull and too strong. Where is she? Speake. — *Shea kneele*

*Amaranta.* Sir, I confesse I've hid her from your wrath,  
And till this great distemper of your mind is cur'd,  
It were not safe she should appeare.

*Heildebr. Galeotto,* Why dost let this Lady kneele?  
Such humbleness shewes ill, the pleasure of  
An am'rous beauty is her pride.

*Galeot.* The posture's comely, Sir, it is my daughter.  
*Heildebr.* Hah! his daughter! this courtship is new  
And exquisite, I love a Parent for my Bawd!

*Galeotto.* Tell mee, thou troublesome delight of holiness;  
Where thy bewitching Rivall is conceal'd,  
Or I'll torment thee till thou wake thy dead  
Unluckie mother with thy groanes.

*Heildebr. Galeotto,* hold, dost thou use force?  
*Galeot.* The Lady that I promis'd for your solace, Sir,  
S'hath wickedly remov'd from hence.

*Heildebr.* What Lady's that?  
*Galeot.* The faire *Aribiopa*.

*Heildebr.* There is none faire but she, all beauty else  
She turnes to blacke companions of the night;  
My judgement is too strong, cheat not mine eares  
With the false musicke of a name: Alas!  
My gentle Excellence, waste not those teares,  
Whole soveraigne power would better nature, where  
She weakly doth reside, and falling in  
The Spring, convert a Canker to a Rose.  
Come, mounie no more.

*Amaranta.* Sir, you are mercifull,  
And by the great prerogative of your  
Command, may soone procure an easer weight  
Then he hath laid upon the innocent.

*Heildebr.* Believe't he shall not practise violence;  
To Bed sweet beauty, goe, he is reclaim'd;  
Upon thy life pursue her not: thy looks  
Are growne too terrible to court her now. — *Exit Amaranta.*

*Galeotto.* But will you then forgoe my promise, Sir?

*Heildebr.* Your first assurance was, her Love should  
Present her willingly into mine armes,  
And that I must expect there is no ease,  
Nor pleasure in restraint.

*Galeotto.* You meane *Aribiopa*.



I'll fetch her, Sir, if you'll but let me force  
This wayward foole to tell where she's concealed.

*Heildebr.* This is that faire ~~maid~~ whom I'll enjoy but she's now

*Galeotto.* Perswade my daughter to your bed; alas, you  
Are married, Sir.

*Heildebr.* Or thy ambition else  
Were happily to bold to thinke: I'll chooſe  
Her for my wife.

*Galeotto.* In troth the other way  
Is but unwholeſome kinde of love;  
Yet may be fit enough for loſt *Arrihupe*;  
If you'll take leiſure till I finde her out:  
But to betray a daughter.

*Heildebr.* You ſurely could betray  
Your country, Sir, why not a daughter now?  
Mocke not my raiſ'd deſires, bring her to night;  
Not forc'd by terror, or outrageous ſtrength,  
But by the ſoothings of thy tongue wrought;  
A willing, liberall conſent; goe, and  
Or thou ſhalt bleed.

*Galeotto.* Peace to your majeſty:  
This foole in a religious pity hath  
Deſtroy'd her ſelfe, i'th choyceſt houre of time;  
When I deſign'd ſhe ſhould be wedded to  
The Prince: for dulk looſe *Heildebrand*,  
If th'other had but ſatiſf'd his luſt,  
In drunken bountie would ſurrender all  
His conqueſt here, t'endow and make her great.  
What is our humane cunning, our obſcure  
And vicious wiſdome worth? ſince at this play  
Of policie, that Gameſter cannot winne  
That hath not skill, but power to help his ſinne.

Enter *Aſcoli* unbound, *Rangone*, *Gandolpho*.

*Rangone.* I heare the Lady, Sir, and *Altoſpil*  
Are priſ'ners ſtill, and by that traytor were  
But led to counterfeit delights.

*Aſcoli.* My owne calamities ſoone vaniſh from  
My thoughts, when I remember theiſe; you ſee  
This Captaine gives my hands then liberty;  
But expect hee's now i' ſarre reſtor'd,  
That hee'll contrive the freedom of  
My perſon and my minde.

*Rangone.* *Gandolpho*, know  
The counſell I have breath'd, will ſhortly, when  
Your reaſon and your piety conſult,  
Advance your profit much, your honour more.

*Aſcoli.* Your error paſt I have forgiven; as well  
Aſſur'd *Galeotto's* cunning did ſeduce

Your easie nature in presence of gratitude  
To doe perfidious things to th<sup>e</sup> State and mee;  
But your amendment now shall have as full  
Reward as if the memory were lost,  
Of all your former guilt.

*Rangone.* How excellent repentance shewes ! it may,  
Perhaps, proceed too slow, but when  
'Tis recall, never comes too late.

*Gandolph.* Sir, thus dejected on the earth, I begge  
Your pardon, and should rise made happy, though  
Not innocent, if you believe that I  
Was wrought into my crime, by him that found  
A subtile use of my unskilfull Love.

*Aseol.* My faith is willingly confirm'd, and you  
Call'd backe to all the favour you forooke;  
The Citadell continues still in your  
Command, though with bold strangers new inforc'd;  
And by your power a secret entrance may  
Be soone devis'd for a surprize.

*Rangone.* The absence of your person, Sir, which is  
So much lamented now, when you appeare,  
Will adde a courage equall to the joy  
Our souldiers shall receive, and though dispers'd,  
The towne may yeeld enough for this designe.

*Gandolph.* What valour, or long practise in the war  
(Made perfect with much doubtfull enterprize)  
Can doe, we shortly will achieve: but for  
A while you must reit close in durance here.

*Aseol.* My patience is so wise, it will perswade  
Metot, *Rangone*, come; the dangers which  
These Lovers feare, are such as we would faine  
Prevent, or else adventure to revenge. ————— *Exeunt.*

Enter *Heildebrand*, *Galeotto*, *Arihiopa*.

*Galeot.* The beames of your bright beautie could not be  
So hid, but I must finde them out.

*Arihiopa.* My life I now esteeme not worthy of my care,  
Since you have sever'd mee from *Alseophil*.

*Galeot.* Your Lover yet is safe; but if you use  
The King with cruelty, expect the like  
On him.— I knew, when he beheld ————— *aside.*  
Her lustre shine, my *Amaranta* would  
Be free; already he growes hot: This fire  
Like those that Chymists keepe, must still  
In secret burne, whilst gazers voyd the roome. ————— *Exit.*

*Heildebr.* Which way shall I redeeme the error of  
My former wonder, that in ignorance  
Committed fond Idolatrie to one  
Who in her greatest beauty may become

Thy worshipper, and not decline her own  
Prerogative; though she excell a throng  
On others that are comely too.

*Altephil.* Sir, I am hither forc'd  
By a perverse and trecherous Counsellor;  
His tongue hath much envenom'd your chaste eares;  
And would perswade you a horrid sinne;  
But all my comfort is; your nature hath  
Been still so rightly taught; you'll easily  
Resist temptations of greater strength.

*Heildebr.* Know thou art hither come, to lay thy white  
Attractive hand upon my Scepter; and  
Give lawes to me, to make decrees of war  
And peace; fold up my Ensignes, then command;  
Then straight unfold agen, untill they spread  
Their bloodie streamers in a forraigne Land;  
But then my pretious sweetnesse you must love.

*Arthiop.* Your goodnesse, Sir, I will bury your thoughts  
Are prompted to attempt unlawfull deeds;  
Sure all the righteous world must hate you then;  
Nor would I be the last should frowne upon  
A wicked Lover, though a King.

*Heildebr.* Such cold discourse befits an hermitage;  
Where age and hunger make a reverend  
Pretence, to hate the pleasure, when (alas)  
They have out-liv'd the appetite; you must  
Come neerer yet.

*Arthiop.* O I thinke upon your honour, Sir, and what  
Protects it, heaven.

*Heildebr.* It is some pleasure to  
Delay those thoughts a while, draw neere, make mee  
Acquainted with your lips; why should they want  
Impression that so easily I weild; that are  
So soft, and fit to take the seal of love?

*Arthiop.* You'll fright my soule from this unfortunate  
Weake Tenement; where she unwillingly  
Hath dwelt of late; and now 'tis taken to  
With that strong tempest in your looks,  
She dares not longer stay.

*Heildebr.* Let her come forth, and in my bosome rest.

*Arthiop.* No, Sir, her second dwelling is above  
The stars, where she will tell such tales of you;  
If you persist, the earth shall grow too hot  
For your abode, and shortly after, hell  
Too cold; they'll mend, and multiply their fires  
Against you come.

*Heildebr.* Were you lesse faire, such coynesse would disswade.

*Arthiop.* If you continue in this exercise

Of impious power, be still a King; but may  
 You live to know your title given you for  
 A scorn, no subjects left you to obey;  
 More enemies to conquer what you have,  
 'Till be so little, and so cheape; this is  
 Your age, when miseries doe most perplex,  
 And strength is quite decay'd that should support  
 The waight which younger patience thinks no load.

*Heildebr.* Are you so excellent at curses, Lady?

*Arthiop.* But better far at blessings, Sir; if you  
 Subvert the furious danger of your will,  
 Be still a King; and may your Scepter grow  
 Within your hand, as heaven had given it  
 A root: may it bud forth, increase in boughes,  
 Till't spread to the Platan tree, and yeeke  
 A comfortable shade, where other Kings  
 May sit delighted, and secure from all  
 The stormes of war and tyrannie.

*Heildebrand.* Leave mee away,  
 That closet make your prison untill night,  
 Where you shall harbour safe from him that would  
 Betray your Virgin-wealth, but looke not backe:  
 For then you share the guilt of my next crime,  
 You carrie in your face the fire that feeds  
 My flame; which, if I see, will kindle soone  
 What I will strive to quench.

*Exeunt severall wayes.*

*Enter Altophil bound agen.*

*Altophil.* *Arthiopa,* *Arthiopa*! O that  
 The double concave of this dismal place  
 Could but reverberate her name, I would  
 Be mock'd, though with a sound of happinesse  
 Rather then quite depriv'd; the Ghosts  
 Of impious men walke and revise the  
 Relinquish'd earth; but she is gone like things  
 Most excellent: the Soules of Votaries  
 Who once departed, know this fulsome world  
 So much unfit to mingle with their pure  
 Refin'd ayre, that they will returne.

*Arthiopa,* *Enter Amaranta, with a sword drawne.*

*Amaranta.* What voyce is that, which with  
 Such fatall accent doth bemone some great  
 Eternall losse.

*Altophil.* *Arthiopa* is gone,  
 The secret Vault where thou didst leave us safe  
 Enclos'd was by *Moyello* found, who with  
 Rude help of murtherers enforc'd her from  
 Mine armes, and left mee bound.

*Amaranta.* I fear'd some danger neer

Which made mee haste to thy redresse; once more  
(My Lord) let me give freedom to your strength. — *Bind him*  
Here, take this sword, 'tis a most precious jewel,  
And like a relique hath hung long within  
Our armourie: if false *Morello* shall  
Returne to threaten death, defend your selfe.

*Altophil.* I would this bountie had been eadger brought.

*Amaranto.* My feares are so increas'd, I dare not stay

To see the end of thy uncertain fate.  
Be watchfull and conceal'd. — *Exit.*

*Altophil.* The unwearied courtesies  
Of this lost maid, afflict my memorie:  
Since my affections were so far beneath'd  
And spent, ere they became hand, that now  
I cannot pay her, equall love for love,  
But to anothers losse. — What noyse is that? —  
A second doore reveal'd? it opens too. — *He steps behind the Arke.*

*Enter Galeotto, Morello.*

*Morello.* Hee's trust'd, and pinion'd like a Peller, Sir,  
And you may spit him when you please.

*Galeot.* Yes, he must die, for *Amaranto* loves  
Him so, her wishes else will ne'r be quieted:  
Nor she admit the Prince, though I could win  
His heart, he suffers for disdaine of her;  
She shall appeare, and see it bold, I will breake  
Her up to greatness, whose chiefe nourishment  
Is blood, when you have lock'd the doore, give her  
This key, and send her hither.

*Morello.* If shee suspect the cause, she will not come.

*Galeot.* I say she must, and wait you close about  
The King, to watch th' event of his hot enterprize. — *Exit Morello.*

Duke *Altophil*, where is your mighty grace?

*Altophil.* Who is't that makes my title his bold mirth?

*Galeotto.* His fetters off in a word too in his hand  
This argues trecherie. — *Strike him back to the doore, Altophil.*

*Altophil.* Nay, no retyring yet,  
I have been here reserv'd your prisoner.

But your dull bounty now hath made you mine.

*Galeot.* The very sword I won in duell from  
The fain'd *La Roch*, it's vale of *Chamberse*;

It were taught t'observe as Wizards doe,  
This chance is so sinister, 'twould infuse

A superstitious trembling through my veines.

*Altophil.* What is it makes your admiration still  
Employ'd? this object of your crueltie?

*Galeotto.* Who furnish'd thee with such a rich defence,  
For rescue of thy life?

*Altophil.* Your daughter, Sir.



*Galeot.* So true to him that hates her! and so false  
To me! destruction on her soul!

*Altophil.* Your curse will find such little entertainment where.  
Her virtues are, that must soone returne  
Unto your selfe; the memory of her  
Would faine diswaite my just revenge on thee.  
Where hast thou lea?

*Galeotto.* With Heildebrand.

*Altophil.* That fatal word calls bakke my absent and slow body  
Relenting spirits to my arme, which grew  
With thoughts of mercy weak; but now it hath  
A strength too dangerous for thy repulse.

*Galeotto.* You're active, Sir, your nimble joynts are  
In Jessamine oyle.

*Altophil.* And you are knowne a Master in  
This angry Art; your Rapier miracles  
Are chronicled by the best fencing French;  
But I'll adventure some small practice, Sir.

*Galeot.* Pause, pause a while, and leape your little breath  
Since 'tis your last, to make your friend more sportfull.

*Altophil.* So merry? cause your diuell is so leard,  
And taught you faine in subtile lines,  
Proportion'd by a rule; still statue like,  
Standing as stiffe as if your posture were

In Brasse, I'll discompose it straight.

*Galeot.* I did not thinke your skill so excellent  
I shall drop downe without revenge, hence with  
A Hatcher, like a fennelle tree, this to  
Requite your kindnesse, Sir.

*Altophil.* Laugh and be merry now  
You are not tickled with a straw, you see  
This is a kind of sport will make you bleed.

*Galeot.* O my false fame, where art thou now, be bores  
And drills me where he list, as I were dead  
Already, and my breast a boord us'd to

An Angur, not a Sword; as it has had  
Forecast how many holes would serve to make  
My obscure heart transparent to the world.

The Furies greet you, Sir.

*Altophil.* This for my much wrong'd Prince, this for  
And though a glorious villainess, yet like to  
A villaine fall, despis'd upon the earth  
Not pitied in thy parting Groves.

*Galeot.* O! O! your wrath and I together end.

*Altophil.* 'Tis strange I scap'd without a wound, he was  
A cunning duellist, whose tread is that  
Amaranta. Feare still makes others swift to flie from danger,  
And me thus slow t'incounter it, sure I

Have stay'd too long, where are you, Sir?

*Altophil.* Sweet *Amaranta*, hide thine eyes no more, I am of

*Amaranta.* Can they be weary grown of seeing you?

*Altophil.* But here's another object that will make them fast,

Till they untie their strings.

*Amaranta.* Hah my father's anger, how far is thy

White throne remov'd from earth, that wretched I

Thy daily Orator, could not be heard?

My blood will turn to tears, at his dire Obsequie.

O *Altophil* I thou cruell Lord, did I

For this with severall hazards of my life,

And filial faith, keepe thee from death? that sword

I gave you for defence, and straight

Perverting all my courtesies, you did

Present it to my fathers brest.

*Altophil.* Hee was a wicked man.

*Amaranta.* Were thy uncivill accusations true?

Yet for my sake thou might'st have spared his life.

For mee, whom though you could not love,

I ne're deserv'd to find you hated so.

Such fierce extremes.

*Altophil.* There was no help, but one.

Of us must fall, and I preserv'd myself.

*Amaranta.* Upon such wise sure cautions, my

Indulgent nature scorn'd to meditate,

When I deliver'd you from marching hands.

But made the danger hardly mine owne.

*Altophil.* Those words like subtile lighting pierce, and soone

Will kill me, though they make no wound.

Here, take this sword, revenge thy fathers cause.

Revenge thy cause, whose love I have been forc'd

To pay with some neglect, till now and be just.

*Amaranta.* Did you but call'st neglect, and said they you

Were forc'd to it?

*Altophil.* So forc'd, as I shall ever be; Sweet my

First plight was seal'd; there is no date, no end

Of that constraint.

*Amaranta.* Still to lament, and never to be lov'd.

*Altophil.* I am the source of all thy griefe; make haste,

'Tis fit I die.

*Amaranta.* That sentence is my doome; Shee falls on the sword.

*Altophil.* Hold, *Amaranta*, hold, so shee

Where are our better Angells at such times

As these? Sweet virgin breathe a while.

*Amaranta.* Goe, tell *Archibald* she needs not feare

Her rivall now, my Bridall bed is in

The earth.

*Altophil.* O stay I there may be helpe.

*Amaranta.* When you come neer my grave, if any flower  
Can grow on such unluckie grounds, pray water it with  
A single teare, that's all I aske : *mercy heaven.* *She dies.*

*Altophil.* For ever gone, *Willie much of her you stans.*  
She is the brightest ere shall come into  
Your numberlesse societie. Her last  
Salute was sent unto *Arthimpo*,  
Till thee be safe I must not follow thee :  
But I will hasten, gentle maid, to weare  
Immortall wings, and thy new lustre then  
Will be so knowne above, that if I pray,  
It can direct and light mee in the way. *Exit.*

## ACT V. SCENE II.

*Enter Ascoli, Altophil.*

*Ascoli.* Willst we confine our motion to this darke  
Division of the house, we are secure,  
The Guards beneath *Ramon* and *Corraper*,  
And made my entrance hither easily  
Archived : but thou hast told a piteous tale,  
The latter part will give posterity  
A lasting cause to mourne, for *Edough*  
*Galeotto* suffered justly for his crimes,  
And I must ever praise that victory ;  
Yet *Amaranta's* fate was most severe.  
*Altophil.* Alas ! it is not good to name her, Sir ;  
We shall but spoyle our thoughts, and tie them to  
A desperate believe.

*Ascoli.* Can your intelligence  
Aime at no report that may declare  
Your Mistresse usage with the King ?  
*Altophil.* As passages are stopp'd, no souldiers voyce  
Is louder then a whisper here, and those  
Are breath'd in the darke. *Enter Arthimpo, her Nurse, her*

*Ascoli.* Looke where shee comes. *(Singing loose about her)*

*Altophil.* If that be shee  
That gives her sorrow so much ornament  
With haire dishevell'd, and unwilling lookes  
Declin'd with sighs that well may penetrate  
The spacious vault of heaven, though it were Arch'd  
With Onix and hard Chrysolite ;  
If that be she, perfwade your selfe to know  
Her, Sir, for I would faine preserve her still  
A stranger to my sight.

*Arthimpo.* I :

*Arthiola.* I came to seek, but thou art found too soon.  
 These *Altophil.* but thou art found too soon.  
 Why should I vex a Lover, and trouble?  
 My lamentations are so great, thou dost serve  
 To infuse a virtue in a furious care,  
 If pitié may be call'd a virtue, but  
 I hope it is not so, for then the world  
 Would much offend, that long hath wanted it.

*Altophil.* What dismall story hangs upon thy tongue?  
 Speake it aloud, to wake the destinies,  
 Who sure are fast asleep, thy sufferance else  
 Will make us thinke they take no care on what  
 They can so easily create.

*Arthiola.* Fierce Heidebrand,

That tyrant King! O I that my memory  
 Can keepe a name should be forgot by all  
 The world!

*Ascoli.* He finds our militarie soules are now  
 Growne tame, and meeke as Doves; hee'll shortly use  
 No Iron Scepter here, wee can be aw'd  
 And govern'd by a Reed.

*Arthiola.* To this perfidious King I was convey'd  
 By Galeotto, falsèr then himselfe,  
 Endur'd his sinfull courtship, and subdu'd  
 At first with threatning vowes, the furie of  
 His will; so that he seem'd restor'd to grace.

*Altophil.* And did hee fall agen?  
*Arthiola.* His pitié  
 Grew soone too high a blisse for him,  
 With tedious steps he labour'd up the hill;  
 Whose top being reach'd, his elevation shew'd  
 So strange, that it amaz'd his ignorance,  
 And giddily he tumbled downe in far  
 Lesse space then he could climbe.

*Ascoli.* A swift inconstancie.

*Arthiola.* In a short moment hee was quite  
 Declin'd from good, ev'n to the extreame of vice:  
 For in the blackest and most guiltie house  
 Of night, hee came and found my curtaines drawne;  
 But so uncomely rude were his intents,  
 That though I there had slept as in a Shrine,  
 (A place which death or holinesse did privilege  
 With reverend esteeme) yet he would force  
 His way; you sacred powers conceive how fit  
 It is the rest should make mee dumbe.

*Altophil.* I have begun  
 In blood, and must goe on; inhumane guilt  
 Is so dispers'd and growne so strong, that now

Revenge

Revenge from every violent hand will be  
Acknowledged lawfull and Divine;

*Ascoli.* Let's hasten to our furious business, come  
I have some strength in ambush neere the Fort;  
And bold *Rangone* waits within t'expect  
What hidden troopes I will command t'assault  
My Palace which this Monster hath usurp'd;

*Altophil.* That charge confers upon my cares  
Away, let's give him swift and silent death  
Like Cannons, that destroy, ere they are heard;  
Yet since we're sever'd in our enterprises,  
Wee'll take a solemne leave for ever, Sir;  
Farewell, — our usual fortune can persuade  
Us to no better confidence.

*Ascoli.* Yes, noble *Altophil*, —  
Wee'll meet agen, I'll find thee, though with clouds.

*Altophil.* I have of late been so much us'd  
To weepe, that I suspect the crystal of  
Mine eyes is but a kind of Ice, which still  
Each warmer change of weather straight doth thaw.

*Ascoli.* The sweetest, though most joyful of thy sex,  
Farewell, and thinke such comfort yet remains  
As must not be despis'd, though but in hopes;

*Arthiop.* Sir, reason from would mine mine, if I  
Had any left; the cleane nice Ermine now  
Endures to live, when once the Hunter doth  
Her white necke soyle, though with a little staine.

*Altophil.* *Arthiop*, come, we are lovers still,  
Though too too much unfortunate; since nere  
Could finde in all his old records, nor will  
The like succeed in's future Register.

*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter *Brusco*, *Gandolph*, *Rampino*, *Hirco*.

*Brusco.* What lazie Elephants are these? huge Rogues  
That cannot dig through mould as soft as dough.

*Ramp.* Is not the Myne yet finish'd?

*Gandolph.* Have patience Gentlemen, I'm confident  
Th'ave reach'd off the Parapet,  
And straight the powder will be laid.

*Ramp.* But is the ambush well supply'd that should  
Breake in upon the Garrison when fire is given?

*Brusco.* Those follow my direction, and are all  
Prepar'd to execute at their just time.

*Hirco.* Then one successe is sure, for the old troopes  
Have sent a private message, they'll assault  
The City gates before the Sunne can rise  
To shew them to the enemy.  
I know th'are led by brave *Pisciero* the  
Lieutenant to our Generall, and I



Have planted those will give them entrance, though  
They tread upon their mothers and their wives.

*Brusco.* It recreates my very lungs to think  
How this luxurious stupid *Heildebrand*  
In pleasure snorts, and little thinks  
He shall be wak'd with an alarme.

*Gandolpho.* You, Sir, must take important care, lest in  
The streets your consultation be with throngs  
Of Fiends: for busie members will be soone  
Observ'd; your quarter is the Western bridge.

*Brusco.* But first attend about the Palace, to  
Expect your orders, they must be given you there.

*Rampino.* Direct your selves; I am more watchfull then  
A sicke Constable after his first sleepe  
On a cold bench, *Hirco*, along with mee.

*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter *Heildebrand*, *Morello*, *Rangone*.  
*Morello.* This is the Count *Rangone*, Sir, who was  
Before your Conquest here chiefe Captain of  
The Guard unto the captive Prince.

*Heildebr.* From *Gaietto*, Sir, is your affaire?  
*Rangone.* This Ring hee humbly sends a present to

Your Majesty, it was the first rich pledge  
You gave him to confirme his new integritie,  
By which he would perswade your royall thoughts,  
I am a messenger of trust, with hope  
It may procure me privately your care.

*Heildebr.* Leave us, *Morello*, and attend within.  
What is the cause hee can so soone neglect  
The homage of his dutie here?  
Not waite to day.

*Rangone.* His daughter, Sir, is sicke  
O're whom so fondly he laments, that hee  
Supplies both her Physicians Art and diligence.

*Heildebr.* Proceed to his request.

*Rangone.* Your widome, Sir, we'll much admire  
To what a calme and easie sufferance  
He hath reduc'd *Arbiana*! reclaim'd

Her frostie nature to such warme, such soft  
And feminine desires as it is fit  
Her beantie should possesse.

*Heildebr.* Thou dost bewitch me with thy newes.

*Rangone.* Sir, she no more retains the seeming frowardnesse  
And peevish rigour of a maid,  
But wonders why the Roman *Lucretia* did  
Complaine, because enforc'd since boldly she  
Concludes it now the onely subtil way  
To compasse pleasure without sinne.

*Heildebr.* Wide *Arath*, Philosophy, hee'd read

It to his Neece.

*Rangone.* No question, *Galeotto* had  
Good moderne Authors for his Doctrine, Sir,  
Else 'twould not thrive so well: his instant suite  
Unto your greatnesse is, you would prepare  
To humble your occasions to this night,  
As you may visit him; and you shall find  
The Lady alter'd to your wish.

*Heildebrand.* It lay not in the power of all his skill  
And vigilance, to send me a request  
I would so willingly receive: this glad  
Assurance render him with my best thanks,  
And then returne to be my guide.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Rampino, Hirco.*

*Ramp.* Stay here, and watch for more supplies; the word  
Is gone about; I've drawne to our confederacie  
From an obscure blind lane, a race of such  
Indebted wights, as have not seen the Sunne  
Since the last great eclipse, when wonder, more  
Than businesse brought them out.

*Hirco.* Have they any clothes?

*Ramp.* Why, dost thou thinke they goe to play a Prize?  
Is't of necessity they must appeare  
In scarlet Breeches, and cleane lac'd shirts?  
Swords they have all, although their scabbards are  
A little torne about the Chape, they'll serve  
To poke; lesse men are squeamish, and won't let'em  
Enter their bodies, because they are rustie.

*Hirco.* I would not be a Serjeant in their way.

*Ramp.* Straight when the hurry shall begin to rise,  
Beware my Gossip *Goldsmiths* shop; there be  
Among us that will drinke our mornings draughts  
In plate, without asking how much an ounce

*Enter Friskin.*

*Hirco.* Looke there, you must weare an invisible Ring.

*Enter Heildebrand, Rangone.*

*Rangone.* He said I should receive the Lady here; 'tis strange he failes: if Sir, it will become  
Your greatnesse to expect a while, I'll seeke  
*Galeotto* out, and send her hither.

*Heildebr.* The object may deserve my patience, but take care  
Y'are swift in your returne.

*Rangone.* If wishes can  
Conduce prosperity to the designe,  
Thou shalt not want them, *Alcephil*, I'll guard  
The gates below to hinder all impediments.—*Exit, strange musike is*

*Heildebr.* This sure is some preparative, although  
The sound's not very amorous.

*(Heard above.)*

## The Song to a horrid tune.

You Fiends and Furies come along  
 With Iron Crow and mangle Prong;  
 Come, drag your shackles and draw nere,  
 To stirre a huge old Sea-coale Cake,  
 That in our hollow bell doth bake,  
 Many a thousand thousand yere.

In Sulphurous broth Tereus bath boyld,  
 Basted with Brimstone, Tarquin bath boyld;  
 Long, long enough, then make more room,  
 Like smoakeie stiches hang them by  
 Vpon our sootie walls to drie;  
 A greater raifther will come.

(3.)  
 If you want fire, fetch a supply,  
 From Aetna and Puteoli;  
 Yet stay a while, you need not flie;  
 Since if his glowing eyes shall chance,  
 To cast on Proserpine's glance,  
 He'll set her heart on fire. Enter Altophil.

Heildebr. My senses are growne sicke I speake: what action thou  
 Altophil. Men call thee Altophil.  
 Heildebr. Hee I encounter'd in a battell on  
 The banks of Sibarus, kill rather than  
 Thine in that river, stemming against  
 The tide, then thus wold I in others horror dwell  
 I am betray'd I.

Altophil. Stirre not, you are too fond,  
 And cannot scape me now; for such events  
 As are prescrib'd us in the secret bottle  
 Above, here wee shall both receive.

Heildebr. I should not mind, my tongue should  
 Enough, if thou art all mine enemies.

Altophil. You come to visit Galeotte, Sir:  
 See where he rudely sits, ill manner'd Lord,  
 That will not rise to welcome such a potentate,  
 Heildebr. Sleeping in death, such nothing blis is not  
 Survey him well; he was your traytor Sir,  
 Goe hug him now; cherish the fallhood that  
 Could ruine States, and draw a Nation to  
 Conspire, open his head, where All

His plots and policies are treasur'd up,  
And take them out, it is not fit such wealth  
Should lie conceal'd i'th grave.

*Heildebr.* Is there no more  
Remaining of those sweating boyles, danger,  
And studious wit that helps ambition to  
Ascend, then such a pale complexion and  
a cold dumb mockery of what we were?

*Altophil.* Now, Sir, to entertaine your precious time  
With new variety (although I knew  
You are in haste) see *Avarant* here. ——— *Draws the hanging further.*

*Heildebr.* She so alter'd and growne silent too?

*Altophil.* This was a noble beauty once; repeat

With all that gentle ornament Lovers  
In their kind passion, or Poets in  
Diviner fury could advance with praise.

And this so sanctifi'd a thing, you did  
Endeavour to corrupt, pray court her now,  
And thrid her teares like orientall Pearle;

Take Rubies from her lips to darken all

The Jewells in your Crowne, y've undertooke

So much in counterfeit Hyperboles,

Blast her faire hand with your false sighs; and Iweare

'Tis no Idolatry, you may; for looke

How like a Goddesse a dead Lady shewes.

*Heildebr.* I'll see no more; if they are fit for monuments,  
Why were they not interr'd before I came?

*Altophil.* Yes, you must needs behold all that is gay  
And pleasing here; 'twill make your welcome seeme

More absolute: come forth *Antiope*. ——— *Enter Antiope, her haire*

*Heildebr.* This living spectacle disturbs and frights *(dishevell'd as*  
My senses more then all that's trimm'd about *before.)*

The dead; no traitor like to that within,

My courage failes me now, which till this houre

I trusted most.

*Altophil.* Looke on the ruines you

Have made of such a building; Cherubims

Would strive to dwell in it, but that they knew

They must dispossesse a soule as good

as they; see how it droops!

*Heildebr.* The period of

My vex'd injurious life, drawes on apace,

*Altophil.* Prepare your valour and your sword, for love

Unto the sacred title which you beare,

You shall not die surpriz'd, without defence,

But try what usefull strength is left you, how

Your vertue's gone.

*Heildebr.* Stay then, I'll call to my remembrance all



The noble deeds of my heroicke youth,  
Whilst growing mighty with the thoughts, I may  
Behave my selfe as if I had no guilt.

*Arthiopa.* O hold my Lord! why should you hazard thus  
The treasure of your life? impoverishing  
the needy remnant of the vertuous world  
In my; avenge, leave it to th' holy powers.

*Heildebr.* Wilt thou be courteous to her and desist?

*Altophil.* Move but a little backe, *Arthiopa*,  
Couldst thou believe me worthy of thy love,  
Yet doubt my fortitude t' encounter him,  
Whose crimes have left him no assistant but  
What came from Hell; all that is good forsooke  
Him when hee injur'd thee.

*Arthiopa.* 'Tis wearisome to beg your safety now.

*Altophil.* By all the fervour of our mutuall vowes,  
I charge thee give me liberty to try  
What anger can performe when it is just.

*Arthiop.* I cannot disobey, though when I see  
Your dangers, I can die.

*Heildebr.* I am resolv'd for thy assault, yet stay,  
That Ladies sufferings hang so heavie on  
My soule, that it foretells a longer sleepe  
Then I would willingly begin; I wish  
Thou couldst prepare me with a little wound,  
That might let out my lustfull blood, and leave  
The rest to strengthen me for this dire cause.

*Altophil.* I'm good at opening of a veine; there Sir, ——— *They fight,*

*Heild.* Had that afflicted terror in her face  
(*Heildebrand falls.*)  
Bin hid, th'adst found more trouble in this victory.

I seele desires of blisse, and those I hope  
May prosper, though presented very late. ——— *hee dies.*

*Altophil.* Depart, forgotten and forgiven. ———

*Arthiopa.* Why dost thou shrink? speake *Altophil:* why dost  
Thou bow like tyr'd undweeldie age?

*Altophil.* His sword has bin too busie here, just here  
About the heart. ———

*Arthiopa.* The Region of thy love,  
I finde thou hast a wound by perfect sympathie,  
For mine growes sicke, and doth desire to bleed.

*Altophil.* How fares my Mistress? sweet *Arthiopa?*

*Arthiopa.* Your pulse must give account of all my health.

*Altophil.* Take't not unkindly I shall leave thee now,  
My eyes grow dimme, and I would furnish them  
With everlasting light.

*Arthiopa.* O my deare Lord!

Let me not thinke that voyce was yours.

*Altophil.* Alas! that in a loyall Lover, death



Must argue some inconstancie, since 'tis  
The first occasion to forsake what wee  
May nere enjoy againe.

I shall not be forsaken, for I seeke

*Archie.* I can decay space, and keepe you company  
In this long journey to our last abode.

*Alsephil.* First let us seeke our vowes upon our lips,  
They were so strictly kept, that wee shall find  
Them warme, as if but newly breath'd. —————  
These are the funerall rites of love. —————

*They kiss.*

*Archiepa.* Breake heart.

It is the way to shew that thou wert true. ————— *They both die.*

*Wabin.* Victory! the Fort is taken, victory!

*Enter Ascoli, Rangoni, Gandolpho, Rampino,  
Brusco, Hircio, and the Guard.*

*Ascoli.* Your brother dy'd, *Gandolpho*, in the first  
Retreat; you and the souldiers still shall share  
My best affection and felicity.

*Omnos.* } Long live your Highnesse.

*Rangoni.* } O Sir, the splendor of our triumphs are  
Eclips'd, wee came too late; behold,  
The Tyrant is not onely slaine, but here  
The valiant Generall lies, his Mistresse too,  
Imbracing, though insensible of love.

*Ascoli.* Friendship and love are dead; I find  
My sorrowes are too mighty for my tongue.

*Rangoni.* The King thus sever'd from them, it appears  
He first was kill'd by *Alsephil*, who straight  
Fell after on a lingring hurt, *Archiepa*

(This scene) could need no other wound than griefe.

*Brusco.* The pride and comfort of the war is gone.

*Ramp.* A Generall fit to leade the world against  
The force of Hell.

*Hircio.* But now wee may hang up  
Our armes, and yeeld to ev'ry enemy.

*Rangoni.* Sir, though 'tis fit you mourne, yet take some care  
So to proceed, as that your Subjects may  
Be perfectly assur'd of our victory.

*Ascoli.* Beare hence these wofull objects of our first  
True Elegie; thy statue, *Alsephil*,  
Shall in my Palace stand, with sad *Archiepa*  
Lamenting still; and *Amaranta* fix'd  
On th'other side, hiding her eyes, that found  
Too much of beauty in her Rivall's face;  
In lasting gold, by old *Ephesian* Art  
Design'd, this triple—Figure I'll aduance,  
Though it will little credit adde to late,  
(That made such Lovers so unfortunate. —————

*Exeunt omnes.*

